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A HISTORIC AND PRESENT DAY GUIDE TO OLD DEERFIELD

BY
EMMA LEWIS COLEMAN

BOSTON
1907

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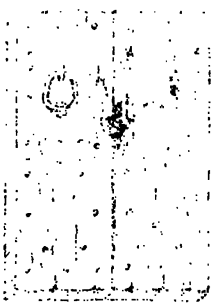

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A HISTORIC AND PRESENT DAY GUIDE TO OLD DEERFIELD

BY

EMMA LEWIS COLEMAN

BOSTON
1907

US 13234.8.5

This book is sold for the benefit of the Deerfield Ac
and Dickinson High School

Price in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, $1.00

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EMMA LEWIS COLEMAN
BOSTON

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Dedication

TO C. ALICE BAKER

PUPIL AND TEACHER OF THE OLD ACADEMY
FRIEND AND HELPER OF THE NEW

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE writer realizes her great indebtedness — and hopes it may prove also the indebtedness of Deerfield Academy — to Mr. George Sheldon.

It would have been tiresome for writer and reader to have made this acknowledgment on every page, but if he had not written his admirable "History of Deerfield," this book would not have been written.

She is indebted also to Miss Baker for constant help, and for that portion of the Historic Sketch, from the settlement of the town to the massacre. To Mrs. Champney and Miss Isabel Williams for the use of their poems, and to Dr. Hale for his ballad. To Mrs. Arthur Ball for the list of flowers, and to Miss Margaret Miller for that of birds.

E. L. C.

MAY 31, 1907.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

[The picture of Dr. Willard is from a crayon portrait by Mrs. Richard Hildreth; that of Mr. Fuller from a negative made by Allen & Rowell. The other illustrations, with two exceptions, are from negatives made by E. L. C.]

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boarding-house, but rooms may be hired at several houses, and the hotel supplies meals.

There are three outward and four inward mails daily.

Telegraph office is at the Connecticut & Passumpsic station. Long-distance telephone at the hotel and store.

Deerfield has the service of Adams Express, B. Z. Stebbins, Jr., Agent, at the station of the Northampton & New Haven R. R.; and of the American Express, Henry S. Childs, Agent, at the upper station.

Memorial Hall is open from nine to twelve, and from one to five o'clock on week days.

The Dickinson Library (free) is open on Monday and Wednesday, from four to five, and Saturday, from six to nine o'clock. The reading-room, from four to six o'clock on school days, and all day during vacations.

The libraries of Memorial Hall, the Village Room, and the "Minister's library," may also be used under certain conditions.

For Deerfield Industries (see p. 103).

TROLLEY TRIPS

By trolley — the Connecticut Valley Street Railway Co. — one can go northward to Greenfield (3 m. 15 min.), connecting at Cheapside with Turner's Falls and Miller's Falls; southward to South Deerfield (4¾ m.); Hatfield (12¼ m.), and Northampton (18¾ m., 1¼ hr.), 25 cts.

At Northampton, one may connect with Hadley (4 m., 15 min.), and Amherst (8 m., 30 min.), 10 cts.

Or, leaving the trolley near Sugar Loaf in South Deerfield, and walking across the Suspension Bridge to Sunderland (¾ m.), where one can take the trolley for Amherst (7 m., 35 min.), 12 cts.

A pleasant excursion is to go by railway to Holyoke (48 min.), thence by trolley to South Hadley (4 m., 25 min.), to the Notch (7 m., 45 min.), to Amherst (12 m., 1 hr., 10 min.), 16 cts. The shorter route to Deerfield is via Sunderland. If one chooses the longer, by way of Northampton, three colleges are passed: Mt. Holyoke, Amherst and Smith.

AUTOMOBILE ROUTES

(From the Interstate Automobile Guide, by the Courtesy of F. S. Blanchard & Co.)

Route I.

DEERFIELD TO BOSTON (via Fitchburg), 101½ m.

Follow trolley, crossing Deerfield River, turn to left, following trolley under railway, up hill to Main St.

Greenfield, 3 m.

Main St. to High St., turn to left and follow to fork in road (at cemetery), bear to right at top of hill, and down hill, across Suspension Bridge; turn to left, up hill, and at top of hill turn to right, into . . . Turner's Falls, 6½ m.

Continue straight ahead, across Main St., up hill, and follow main highway to . . . . . Miller's Falls, 11½ m.

Good macadam and dirt road rolling

Cross railway, down hill across bridge to paper mill, turn to left, up hill, and at top of hill turn to right and continue straight ahead through Farley to . . Irving, 17 m.

Road fair, dirt and sand, hilly

Continue via main road, east, following line of railway, through Wendell and West Orange, to . Orange, 22 m.

Follow trolley east to . . . . . Athol, 27½ m.

Continue with trolley through Main St., bearing left into Templeton Road, straight ahead, past Athol Reservoir, via Powers' Mills (trolley all the way), through Templeton, 37½ m.

To . . . . . East Templeton, 40 m.

Bear right at forks in centre and follow Main St. east, north of Kendall Pond; bear left into Broadway, over Bent Pond, to . . . . . South Gardiner, 43 m.

Follow trolley to . . . . . Westminster, 46½ m.

Leave trolley, follow State road, bearing left and north past Round Meadow Pond Reservoir, crossing railway at station; bear right, over Snow hill, into Westminster St. to Waite's corner, and follow trolley through West Fitchburg, 50½ m.

Into Main St. to Depot Sq. . . . . Fitchburg, 53½ m.

Roads uniformly good, dirt and macadam, rolling and somewhat hilly

From Depot Sq. via Water St., follow trolley to Leominster, 58½ m.

Turn to left into Central St., thence into Lancaster St., and follow trolley over Ballard Hill to North Lancaster, 64½ m.

Roads good, but hilly

About ¼ mile beyond Lancaster Hotel, bear to left and follow direct road to . . . . . Bolton, 67½ m.

Good dirt road, rolling

Bear to right after leaving Bolton and continue on direct road to . . . . . Stow, 71½ m.

Good dirt road, rolling

Follow trolley to foot of hill, Main St. . . Maynard, 74½ m.

From here continue east, crossing river and railway, and follow main highway (Great Boston Road) via North Sudbury (crossing Sudbury River), Silver Hill and Kendal Green, into and through Main St. . Waltham, 93½ m.
Follow trolley via Main St. direct to . . Watertown, 97½ m.

Macadam road, level

Continue via North Beacon St. and Commonwealth Ave. via Allston into Beacon St. to State House,
Boston, 101½ m.

Roads fine macadam from Waltham

Route II

To SPRINGFIELD (via Northampton)

Follow trolley to railway (where trolley leaves highway), pass under tracks, bear to right and straight ahead to bridge over railway, then follow trolley to
South Deerfield, 5 m.[1]

Good dirt road, rolling

Follow trolley, bearing to right at fork beyond church and school, through Hatfield (12¼ m.), crossing railway at Laurel Park Station, to King St., to Post Office,
Northampton, 17 m.

Macadam and dirt road, rolling

From Court House, follow direct down Pleasant St. to and across Mill River Bridge, thence with trolley all the way via the river road, to . . . Mt. Tom Station, 19½ m.
and . . . . . Smith's Ferry Station, 21½ m.
to . . . . . Holyoke 27 m.

Then leave trolley where it turns to left at Lincoln St., Holyoke Highlands (unless it is desired to go to centre of city), and proceed straight ahead, via Northampton

[1] A shorter route is by the Swamp road, leaving the trolley at Hotel Lathrop, and following the telegraph poles.

St., through Elmwood district, past two cemeteries, crossing under railway at Ingleside Station; thence follow main highway, river road, to West Springfield, and cross North End Bridge into Main St., to City Hall, Springfield . . . . . 37 m.

Roads uniformly good, macadam and dirt

Route III

To AMHERST (via Northampton), 25 m.

By route II to . . . . . Northampton, 17 m.

From King St. turn and follow trolley through North St., crossing under railway, to Day St., to Bridge St., crossing Connecticut River Bridge, and on via Hadley Post Office to . . . . . Amherst, 25 m.

Macadam and dirt road, rolling

Route IV

To AMHERST (via Sunderland), 15½ m.

By Route II to . . . . . South Deerfield, 5 m.

Leave trolley at Sugar Loaf Mt., following highway round its base, cross Suspension Bridge to Main St., Sunderland, 6¾ m.

Turn to right, following trolley through North Amherst to . . . . . Amherst, 15½ m.

Macadam and dirt road, rolling

Route V

To BRATTLEBORO, VT. (River Road), 25½ m.

By route I to Main St. . . . . Greenfield, 3 m.

Main St. to High St., turn to left and follow to fork (1½ miles out); at cemetery turn to right, and cross Suspension Bridge; bear to left through town (Turner's Falls) and cross river again, then bear to right, straight ahead to

river, ferry crossing, into Northfield Farms; turn left, and continue straight north to . . . . Northfield, 14 m.

Good macadam and dirt road, rolling

Follow Main St. to Mill St., cross river, bear to right and along river road, crossing two railways and following line of railway, west of river through South Vernon, Vt. (16 m.) and Vernon (20 m.) to . Brattleboro, Vt., 25½ m.

Fair dirt road, rolling

Route VI

To BRATTLEBORO (via Bernardston), 24 m.

To Main St., Greenfield. Turn north through Federal St., follow trolley to where it turns into Silver St., and continue straight ahead, bearing to right at fork of road (4 miles out), pass cemetery on right, and 1¼ m. beyond, crossing railway on left, bear to right, and straight on to Bernardston, 10 m.

Macadam and dirt road, rolling

Turn to right through Church St., and on crossing railway just beyond fork in road (2 miles out), left road, bearing to left after crossing, and crossing again to left at Mount Hermon Station; then bear to right by Sawyer's Pond, and follow along line of railway, north, direct to Brattleboro, Vt., 24 m.

Fair dirt road, rolling

Route VII

To NORTH ADAMS, 40 m.

To Greenfield . . . . . 3 m.

Main St. west, crossing railway and brook, and continue straight ahead to crossing road (East Shelburne and

Coleraine road); turn to left down hill, cross bridge; take first turn to right, straight ahead to
Shelburne Centre, 8 m.
Ordinary dirt road and hilly

Continue on main highway, bearing to right and north, east of river to . . . . . Shelburne Falls, 12 m.
Roads fair, dirt, hilly

Turn to left, cross iron bridge, turn to right and follow right side of river through East Charlemont, and all the way to . . . . . Charlemont, 19 m.
Good road, macadam and dirt, rolling

Continue on main highway, following river straight ahead to . . . . . Zoar, 24 m.
Cross river just beyond and follow river road to
Hoosac Tunnel, 30 m.
Fair dirt road, some sand, hilly

Bear to left and straight ahead through Florida (30 m.), following telephone poles over mountain, down through Eclipse Dam, turn left into Main St.,
North Adams, 40 m.[1]
Road mostly fair, dirt, some pieces poor, winding; 15 to 20 % grades up and down; highest elevation about 2200 ft. Drivers should exercise care.

DRIVES

THE drives about Deerfield are unusually beautiful, though latterly some are injured by the felling of the mountain forests. By taking the trolley to Greenfield or South Deerfield, where good horses may be hired, one can get farther afield. It is impossible to give de-

[1] North Adams can be reached by another route, avoiding the mountain.

MT. TOBY, FROM OUR MOUNTAIN ROAD

tailed descriptions, but the following suggestions may be useful:

South Meadows. — There are no fairer ways than these roads which cross the meadows in every direction.

Wisdom Roads. — By way of Stillwater Suspension Bridge, or, if the river is low, by a ford at the foot of the Albany road. One may have a charming drive by taking the lower and returning by the upper road, where there is a fine outlook of the Holyoke range, Mt. Tom, etc. Beware of the railway crossing. One can go to Greenfield and Shelburne by these roads.

To Conway. — By two pretty routes. (See the Field Library.)

To Ashfield. — By Conway, or as suggested above, via trolley to South Deerfield.

Mountain Roads I. — The Great River road, to the Connecticut, and back by East Deerfield. A good Sunday drive because of the stone crusher;

Or, to the right along the river's bank and home by the other mountain road;

Or, across Rice's Ferry (wire) to Montague. Summon the ferryman by horn.

About quarter of a mile from the Connecticut, on the Great River road, is a clay hill, where have been found some of the so-called claystones. In this bed they are small and more or less spherical. On the east bank of the river, a short distance south of the ferry, are found "Large irregular concretions which are bevelled on both sides to a sharp edge." (See "Concretions from the Champlain Clays of the Connecticut Valley," by J. M. Arms Sheldon.)

II. The Pine Nook, or higher mountain road, gives one a pretty view of Mt. Toby and the Connecticut Valley. By following the river's bank, one may return by the Hillside (Turnip Yard) road;

Or, cross Whitmore's Ferry to Sunderland, and driving southward to the village get a beautiful fortress-like view of Sugar Loaf; back by the Suspension Bridge.

To Turner's Falls, by way of the covered bridge, to Montague City. Ask about trains, for the railway is above the roadway of the bridge. Note the disused canal now full of forget-me-nots.

At Turner's Falls are factories — cutlery, paper, etc. Pass by a well-protected foot-bridge to the verge of the Falls. Cross the bridge above the Falls to Gill. (See the monument to Captain Turner, returning to Greenfield by Factory Village—Gill Hollow.)

To Greenfield by Hope Street, and back by Rocky Mountain.

From Greenfield, there are a great many delightful drives. On the Shelburne and Coleraine sides, the Green River road, and towards Bernardston and Leyden. On the edge of Leyden is the Eunice Williams monument.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

THE Pocumtuck of two hundred years ago embraced about a hundred and thirty-seven square miles, and had for its eastern boundary twenty-five miles of the Connecticut River.

From this territory have been set off the towns of Greenfield — including Gill — in 1753, Conway in 1767, and Shelburne in 1768.

To-day Deerfield contains about thirty-six square miles; with a population of 2111.

Greenfield touches it on the north. The Connecticut River separates it from Montague and Sunderland. Whately makes its southern boundary, and Conway and Shelburne lie west of it.

Rising from the narrow but beautiful strip of meadow which extends along the bank of the Connecticut, are two ranges of highland from one to two miles wide. The easterly range of trap (called Rocky Mountain and extending to Turner's Falls) disappears under the western range at Turnip Yard. At the north, the slope descends to the gorge at Cheapside, where the Deerfield, on its way to the "Great River," has cut a passage through the hills about two hundred and fifty feet deep. Not far above, on the Greenfield side, are Sachem's Head and Poet's Seat, from which points one may get extensive views of both valleys.

The westerly range of red sandstone is called

Pocumtuck. It springs from the plain to a height of seven hundred and nine feet in the beautiful cone of "Wequamps, called by the white man, Sugar Loaf," in 1672. From its summit one gets an exquisite view of the valley.

Beyond Beaver Neck is North Sugar Loaf, and further north, east of the "Street," is its highest point (822 feet), Pocumtuck Rock, or "The Rock," dear to all Deerfield people.

Northward the range gradually falls off until it disappears under the trap.

Westward from this long range spreads the valley on which the Dedham Grant was laid out, and in which are now the "Old Street," and the small villages of Wapping, the Mill and the Bars, and South Deerfield which was first called Bloody Brook. Beyond the Deerfield Valley, rise the rounded foot-hills of the Hoosac range, the highest in our town being Arthur's Seat (927 feet). It is near the Shelburne border, easy of access, and the prospect is beautiful, extending to Greylock. The ranges on either side of the Deerfield Valley are known locally as East and West Mountain.

The section west of the river, now West Deerfield, used to be called Wisdom, and surely "Her ways are ways of pleasantness." Possibly the name was given because several Wise families lived here. At the foot of East Mountain, on a plateau about twenty feet above the meadows, which surround it on three sides, was laid out the "Town Plott" of 1671, and here, very much as the "Artist" then planned it, is the "Street" of to-day. It is one mile long. From it Academy Lane (named from the old academy, now

Memorial Hall) leads eastward past the Orthodox Church, Town Hall, and Memorial Hall to the station of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railway, and passing under the railway arch to the roads which cross East Mountain to "Great River" and "Pine Nook."

To the west, the Albany road leads to the old burying-ground, to the meadows, by a ford to Wisdom and to Albany, if one should choose that route.

From the north end of the street is a charming outlook across the meadows, which stretch two miles northward. Like an island in their midst, rises Pine Hill to a height of forty feet. It contains about forty acres, and is doubtless a remnant of the original plain, which, according to Agassiz, at no very remote geological period was the bed of the Connecticut River. There are four or five small ponds in the meadows.

The hill on which is Greenfield, and the higher hills of Shelburne, Coleraine, Leyden, and Bernardston, may be seen to the north.

From the other end of the street, one looks across the South Meadows and the windings of the Deerfield River, to the villages of Wapping and the Mill, and to Pocumtuck Rock, and Sugar Loaf, Mt. Tom, and the Hoosac Hills.

Deerfield River rises on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains in Vermont, entering Massachusetts near the mouth of Hoosac Tunnel, and taking a southeasterly course. The towns of Rowe, Charlemont, and Shelburne are on its left bank; Monroe, Florida, Buckland, and Conway on its right. For two miles

it flows between Conway and Deerfield. From the falls at Shelburne the river descends rapidly, wearing for itself a rocky bed from two to four hundred feet deep. The gorge is narrow and its sides precipitous.

Green River, which rises in Southern Vermont, crosses Leyden and Greenfield, and enters the Deerfield in the North Meadows.

Mill River comes from the Conway Hills. The first mill was built beside it in 1693. The river runs southerly and enters the Connecticut in Hatfield.

HISTORIC SKETCH

MARY TALBOT, granddaughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and wife of Sir William Armeyne, was not only of distinguished rank, but of remarkable piety, learning, and accomplishments. She was also a philanthropist.

With the Lady Mary Armeyne the history of Deerfield is intimately connected; since the £20 per annum, given by her for missionary purposes in New England, was granted by our General Court to John Eliot, for his Christian Indian settlement at Natick.

Unfortunately the land chosen for Eliot's settlement proved to belong to Dedham, and for twelve years there was dispute between Dedham and Natick as to the ownership of the tract. Finally, in 1663, the General Court "judged it meet to grant Dedham eight thousand acres of land in any place where it cann be found free from former grants." Several horseback journeys having been made by men of Dedham into the interior wilderness of Massachusetts, the eight thousand acres selected included what is now Deerfield, Greenfield, and Gill.

In 1666, John Pyncheon, of Springfield, was employed to buy the title from the Pocumtuck Indians, its native owners. The deed, with two later ones, may be seen in Memorial Hall.

Samuel Hinsdell, son of Robert, of Dedham, had

broken ground in Pocumtuck as early as 1669, and was soon followed by Samson Frary. For years the affairs of Pocumtuck were controlled by Dedham.

In May, 1673, Hinsdell, Frary and others determined to set up an independent town, and in answer to their petition, the General Court granted them an addition to the original eight thousand acres, "so that the whole be to the content of seven miles square, provided that within three years an able and orthodox minister be settled among them."

In 1673 the Reverend Samuel Mather, having been graduated from Harvard College in 1671, became the first minister of Pocumtuck.

In September, 1674, Moses Crafts, son of Griffith, of Roxbury, was "licensed to keep an ordinary in Pocumtuck and sell wines and strong waters for one year, provided he keep good order in his house."

In November of the same year, the name Deerfield, applied to the settlement at Pocumtuck, first appears in an official paper. Up to this date, as we have seen, it was known as Pocumtuck, from the Indian tribe that had settled on both sides of the Deerfield and Connecticut rivers, near their confluence.

The principal stronghold of this tribe was on a hill, still known as Fort Hill, to the northeast of the Common in Deerfield Street, crowned by a group of Lombardy poplars. Here, in 1664, the Pocumtucks were nearly annihilated by a body of Mohawks, whom they had grossly insulted.

A futile attempt to dispossess of their arms a body of Pocumtuck and stranger Indians (probably some of Philip's band), after the affair at Brookfield, was fol-

lowed, September 1, 1675, by an attack on Deerfield, which at that time contained about one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants in houses scattered far apart. The news of this reached Hadley on a Fast day, when the people were assembled in the meeting-house, causing such consternation that, according to Cotton Mather, "They were driven from the holy service . . . by a most sudden and violent *alarm.*" This statement, repeated and exaggerated by successive historians, gave rise to the legend of a furious *attack* on Hadley that day, and the salvation of the town by the sudden appearance and valor of Goffe the Regicide. A second attack on Deerfield was made on Sunday morning, September 12th while the people and the soldiers that had been sent to defend them were in meeting.

These frequent attacks on the frontier, making necessary the assembling of troops in the valley, and equally so the collecting of a food supply, Major Pyncheon ordered the wheat which he had stacked in Deerfield, threshed and put in bags, — and teams and drivers impressed to transport it to headquarters at Hadley. Captain Lathrop was sent up with his company, as escort to the train. In the early morning of September 18, 1675, the line of ox-carts set out for Hadley escorted by Lathrop and his "Choice company of young men the very flower of the County of Essex." For two miles down through the South Meadows and "The Bars," to Long Hill and the woods beyond, they marched, till they reached "A swampy thicket through which crept sluggishly a nameless brook," o'er arched with vines. This the soldiers crossed, and halted till

the teams came up, when, tempted by the luscious odor of the grapes, all stopped to gather them. "Then, says Cotton Mather, "A vast body of Indians entertained them with an assault" and

"Swarming forth from out their vine-clad hive,
The infernal hornets came,
And sting on sting made all the copse alive
With darts, and wounds, and flame:"

and the stream, nameless no longer, was thenceforth known, and should be forever known, as Bloody Brook. Not one of the seventeen teamsters who went out from Deerfield that morning returned. The next day, Sunday, the dead were buried in a common grave. A red sandstone slab in a dooryard a few rods south of the monument marks the spot.

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY BROOK

By Edward Everett Hale

Come listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men, —
How they fought, how they died,
When they marched against the Red Skins in the Autumn Days, and then
How they fell, in their pride,
By Pocumtuck Side.

"Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring the ripened Grain?"
Said old Mosely to his men in Array.
"Take the Wagons and the Horses, and bring it back again;
But be sure that no Man stray
All the Day, on the Way."

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their head,
Wise and brave, bold and true.
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,
"Be there Many, be there Few,
I will bring the Grain to you."

They gathered all the Harvest, and marched back on their Way
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.
No soldier left the Line of march to wander or to stray,
Till the Wagons were stalled in the Mire,
And the Beasts began to tire.

The Wagons have all forded the Brook as it flows,
And then the Rear-Guard stays
To pick the Purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,
When, crack! — to their Amaze,
A hundred Fire-Locks blaze!

Brave Lathrop, he lay dying; but as he fell he cried,
"Each Man to his Tree," said he,
"Let no one yield an Inch"; and so the Soldier died;
And not a Man of all can see
Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,
From behind and before,
That Man after Man is shot down and breathes his last.
Every Man lies dead in his Gore
To fight no more, — no more!

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who have died, —
The Flower of Essex they!
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black Mountain-side,
But never shall they come again to see the ocean-tide,
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his Bride,
From that dark and cruel Day, — cruel Day!

Soon after this massacre the garrison was withdrawn from Deerfield, and the few inhabitants were scattered in the towns below.

After Captain Turner's defeat of Philip's Indians at the Swamscott Falls, now called Turner's Falls, and the death of that noted chief, prowling bands of savages still infested the valley. One of these, after surprising Hatfield, fell upon Quentin Stockwell and a few comrades, attempting to rebuild in Deerfield, and hurried them with the Hatfield captives to Canada.

In 1680 measures were taken for the reoccupation of their lands by the Proprietors of Deerfield, and the spring of 1682 is considered as the date of the *permanent* settlement of Deerfield. The work proceeded rapidly, and in 1686 the first Town Meeting was held.

After the accession of William of Orange, the French and English colonies in America became involved in war, and Canada Indians, led by Canadian French, devastated our frontiers.

The news of the massacre at Schenectady, February, 1689–90, led to the immediate surrounding of Meeting-House Hill in Deerfield with a palisade of logs twelve to fourteen feet high, and large enough to shelter all the people. Rude structures (shacks) were put up for families who could not be taken into the houses already built on the hill. From this time on, Deerfield was in a state of alarm. Though a garrison was stationed here, and scouting on our frontiers kept up, there was now and then a sudden inroad of small bodies of the enemy, and individuals were surprised and carried off or killed.

The arrival of Dudley in Boston as Governor of

Massachusetts in June, 1702, brought the news of Queen Anne's declaration of war against France. In August, every English town on the Maine coast was attacked by French and Indian forces. The fortifications at Deerfield were strengthened. A sense of impending danger depressed the people, and they besought their minister to write to the Government in their behalf. "Strangers tell us," he says, "that they would not live where we do for twenty times as much, — the enemy having such an advantage of the river to come down upon us. Several say they would freely leave all they have, and go away, were it not disobedience to authority and a discouraging their brethren." He asks for help in repairing the palisade. He says, "We have mended it. It is in vain to mend. We must make it all new and fetch timber for 206 rods, three or four miles, if we get oak." As spring approached the settlers breathed more freely. Mr. Williams urged caution and vigilance. He set apart a day of prayer to ask God "Either to spare and save us from the hands of our enemies, or prepare us to sanctify and honor him in what way soever, he should come forth towards us."

Lulled by frequent false alarms into a fatal sense of security, the Deerfield people slept soundly on the night of the 29th of February, 1703–04. The bitter cold penetrated even the best built dwellings; the drifted snow lay piled outside against the palisades, but no consciousness of unusual danger disturbed the slumbering people. Yet with the rushing of each fitful gust, the cruel foe was creeping stealthily nearer to the little hamlet.

The stormy night was well-nigh spent, the guard lay heavy in his first sleep, when "The enemy came in like a flood." Climbing the palisades at the northwest corner, rushing to and fro within the fortification, the horrid crowd attacked the houses of the defenseless people. Roused by their hideous yells, the sleepers woke bewildered, to find themselves surrounded by dusky faces, fiendish with fresh war paint. Resistance was vain. Some were instantly murdered; others, powerless from fear, were fiercely torn from their warm beds, bound hand and foot, and hurried out half naked into the bitter night.

Deafened by the tumult, blinded by the glare of torches, they were huddled together in Ensign Sheldon's house, and in the meeting-house, where but yesterday their faithful shepherd had folded his flock in peace. Confusion and terror reigned. The place which they had been taught to revere as the house of God, was now defiled and desecrated. There, where so lately their voices had mingled in prayer and praise, could now be heard only the groans of the wounded, the wailing of women, the shrieks of children, and the tremulous voices of the aged calling upon God to "Remember mercy in the midst of judgment."

There were one hundred and eleven captives. Mr. Williams wrote in "The Redeemed Captive": "About sun an hour high, we were all carried out of the house for a march . . . over the river" (probably by Red Rocks), "to the foot of the mountain about a mile from my house." The French kept between their captives and the village. About eight o'clock in the morning, thirty men on horseback arrived from the towns below.

THE FROZEN RIVER, NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE INDIANS CROSSED FEB. 29, 1704

They, with the five garrison soldiers, and fifteen Deerfield men that were left, drove the plundering stragglers out by the north gate, pursuing them into the north meadows to the river's edge, where the enemy, awaiting them in ambush, killed several and drove the rest back. After "Indian shoes" had been given to the Deerfield prisoners, they climbed the hill to the trail where, a few hours before, the Indians had put on their war paint. That night they camped in Greenfield meadows, east of the old Nims house. A captive ran away, and Mr. Williams was told by "the general" that if more escaped the rest should be burned. Marah Carter, the first of those slain on the journey, was killed this day. She was only three years old, and "Their manner was, if any loitered, to kill them."

The Governor of Canada wrote to his home government: "I had the honor . . . to inform you of the success of a party sent this winter on the ice as far as the Boston government." This party of two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians under Hertel de Rouville, went to attack Deerfield by way of Lake Champlain to the Winooski River, and up that stream until they crossed over to the Connecticut. They carried their captives back to Canada over these same long three hundred miles.

On the second day they followed Green River about two miles. Mr. Williams wrote that he was permitted to speak to his wife "And to help her in her journey . . . My wife told me her strength of body began to fail and that I must expect to part with her . . . I was put upon marching with the foremost, and

so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes." — After wading knee deep through the swift and icy current of Green River, Mr. Williams was permitted to sit down and be "unburthened of his pack." He wrote, "I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard that passing through the abovesaid river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and bloodthirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful."

The P. V. M. A. has marked the spot with a suitable stone.

Mr. Samuel Carter has recently traced the route of the party, which doubtless followed the trail, running northeasterly from Leyden into Bernardston, rounding Bald Mountain. This day they travelled eight miles and the third day's journey, of equal length, took them through Vernon. They probably made their camp on the bank of the Connecticut, where afterwards was Fort Dummer. Here they must have taken to the ice of the Great River, going as far as West River, where the Canadians had left their dogs and sledges. With these to carry their wounded, their packs and some of the children, they "Marched at a great pace." Stephen Williams says: "They travelled (we thought) as if they designed to kill us all, for they travelled thirty-five or forty miles a day. Here they killed near a dozen women and children."

On the Sabbath day they rested, and Mr. Williams was permitted to pray, and preach to the captives.

"The place of Scripture spoken from was Lam. i. 18." This was at the mouth of the river called, in memory of this day, "Williams River." On the ninth day, at the junction of the White and Connecticut, De Rouville separated them into several parties, each to take a different route, and the captives never again all came together.

Mr. Williams's master joined a party of hunting Indians "A day's journey from the lake," and it was in the seventh week of his captivity that they "Again began a march for Shamblee" (Chambly). Then they "Came to a river where the ice was thawed" (the Sorel), and "Made a canoe of elm-bark in one day and arrived on a Saturday" (probably April 15th) at Chambly — a few miles south of Montreal. Most of his Deerfield friends had arrived — some of them three weeks earlier.

Sooner or later most of the captives were redeemed. Eighteen of the thirty whose fate was unknown, have been traced by Miss Baker in their Canadian homes.

And of those left behind?—The snow had become soft; the New Englanders had no snow-shoes, and it was impossible for the men who had come to the help of the afflicted town, to follow and attempt the rescue of the captives.

More than half the village folk were dead or captured, and those that were left (twenty-five men, twenty-five women, and seventy-five children, mostly under ten) had lost courage and hope; but the Government decreed that the town must not be deserted. So the women and children were sent to safer places, and gradually the men rallied. They

had houses for their shelter and soldiers for their protection, — and the fertile fields could be cultivated.

The town meeting was late that year, and the record is in a new handwriting, for the clerk, Thomas French, was far away. No reference is made to the great disaster.

Happily there is little history for the next seventy years. In 1756, at the time of the last French war, many Deerfield men being "impressed for his majesties Service" (already majesty is written in a smaller letter than Service), the town voted "that five Garrisons be built in ye Town & one at Wapping, each to have two mounts & to be boarded around & lined with pallasadoes as high as a man's head."

Before 1770 the representatives in the Colonial Assembly were Tories, but with trouble coming nearer, the majority of the townspeople became Whigs. Deerfield's story of these years, is like that of most towns, unless debates were hotter and mobs more frequent, for Deerfield is apt to speak her mind freely. The Post came once a week to David Hoyt's tavern (Indian House). At Catlin's, the Boston Tories met their friends. At Saxton's and at Field's store, the Whigs came together and heard the story of the Boston Tea Party, and of the important doings in the big town, which Field could tell them.

Parson Ashley drank his tea and boldly had a tea party, and his son presented a pound of tea the next day to the wife of Greenfield's Tory parson. Dr. Thomas Williams received a package of "Monongahela Balsam," which proved "to be fine green tea, and a good joke on the bearer."

THE COMMON

When, on the 20th of April, the racing courier cried, "Gage has fired upon the people! Minute men to the rescue! Now is the time, Cambridge the place!" fifty men were ready, with Justin Hitchcock's fife to quicken their steps. But perhaps during the war, more battles were fought at home than on the battle-field, for the Tory element was very strong here. In the days of peace came the days of prosperity. Varied crops were in the meadows and fat oxen in the stalls.

Locks and canals had been made around the falls of the Connecticut. It is interesting to remember that when Massachusetts men were too cautious to risk money in anything so novel as a canal, men of Holland were willing to supply the necessary capital. In 1795 boats were running from Hartford to "Cheapside Landing," the head of navigation for this country-side. A year later, stage-coaches traversed the "Street," being ferried over the river at Cheapside, on their way from Hartford to Hanover, N. H., and soon the "Boston Road" — the fifth turnpike built in Massachusetts — passed through Cheapside. In 1798 a bridge was built across the Deerfield River. But the doom of stage-coach and river boat was sounded by the shriek of the locomotive in 1846, when the Connecticut River Railway was built; — and alas! the doom of the Deerfield farmer also, for the stretching of the iron bands into the fertile prairies of the great West has made competition impossible for the small New England farms.

On the Common, which was the "Training Field" of the settlers and "the Fort" of 1690, near the fort

well, is a monument of Portland sandstone, one face of which is thus inscribed:

"In grateful appreciation of the Patriotism and self-sacrifice of Her lamented sons and soldiers, who for their Country and for Freedom laid down their lives in the war of the Great Rebellion.

Deerfield
Erects this Monument
A.D., 1867.

BROUGHTON'S POND AND EAST MOUNTAIN

STORIES OF THE HOMESTEADS

Broughton — Dickinson — Henry

THE house on the west side of the street at the "North End" is now the home of Mrs. David Henry. (See Directory of Industries.)

Thomas Broughton was the first to make a home on this lot, which extended to the pond in the meadows, still called "Broughton's." In 1693 some "trading Indians" were camping on the hills across the river, and "ab^{t} midnight (on the 6th of June) y^{y} came upon y^{m} & killed Thos. Broughton & his wife & Xdren 3."

The frequency of Indian raids did not enhance the value of Deerfield real estate. After Broughton's death, this property was inventoried at £20, but three years later it was sold for "a mare at £3, and new cart wheels at £2.

Here dwelt in later days Colonel Thomas Wells Dickinson, who served his country as commissary and soldier in the Revolution. (See Frary House.) From papers left by him, we learn that at a critical time his superior said that unless he, Dickinson, could do "something extraordinary" in securing supplies, Washington would be driven from the field. He did accomplish the "extraordinary," and delivered the needed cattle at Hatfield. Afterwards as lieutenant, he heard

read at West Point — perhaps from the Orderly Book now in Memorial Hall — that "Treason of the Blackest Die was Yesterday Discovered," thus being a part of the beginning and seeing the end of Benedict Arnold's career.

Wells — Ashley

Next south of the Broughton house, in 1693, dwelt the family of Lieutenant Thomas Wells, who until his death, in 1690, was commander of the soldiers here. His commission, signed by Governor Andros, is in Memorial Hall. On the night when the Broughtons were killed, his widow Hepzibah and three children were "knocked on the head and scalped." One child died. Another survived to become a victim of the massacre of Feb. 29, 1704, and the mother, recovering after years of suffering, married Daniel Belding and was killed on the march to Canada.

In 1732 this was the home of Rev. Jonathan Ashley. (See page 77.) His house, which was removed to the back of the lot, was stockaded in the French and Indian Wars.

Sheldon — Hawks

The Sheldon homestead (see Directory of Industries) has been in the family since Ensign John bought it for his son John. The house now standing was built before 1743. It was the birthplace of Mr. George Sheldon, to whom Deerfield owes much. He is the author of the "History of Deerfield" and many historical papers, and founder of the Pocumtuck Valley

Memorial Association. The stone which marks the house is inscribed:

SHELDON HOMESTEAD.
Bought by John Sheldon 1708.
Handed down from sire to son
to the present owner.

Longest holding of any estate in
Franklin County.

Erected 1901.

Dickinson — Houghton

The fourth house from the North End was built about 1790, by David Dickinson, a Major of the Revolution. The Rev. George H. Houghton, late rector of the "Little Church round the Corner" East 27th Street, New York, lived here in his boyhood.

Hoyt — Andrews

On the site of the square, modern house was, in 1704, the home of David Hoyt, Lieutenant and Deacon. He, his wife and four children were captured in 1704. A few months later he died of starvation at Coos, New Hampshire. His wife (the third he had married) was redeemed and took to herself a third husband. Little two-year-old Abigail was killed on that terrible march. The story of Sarah Hoyt's marriage is told on page 51.

Her brother Jonathan was taken by his Indian master to Lorette. One day in 1706, when he, with

the Indian, was in Quebec, selling vegetables in the market-place, William Dudley, being in Canada on a mission from our government to redeem captives, saw the English youth, and bought him of his master for twenty shining silver dollars. Soon the Indian returned, repentant and eager to exchange dollars for boy, but he was too late; Jonathan had been hurried to the English brig.

In after years the Indian visited him so often in Deerfield, sometimes bringing his sister, that it became a burden, and Hoyt petitioned the General Court for reimbursement for their support.

It was on this homestead, in 1735, when Jonathan Hoyt was tavern-keeper, that Governor Belcher held a conference with the Indians, and Hoyt's knowledge of the Indian tongue, which he never forgot, was probably helpful.

Moors — Ball

The cottage next south was built in 1848 by Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., who was minister of the Unitarian Church, Chaplain of the Fifty-second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers in the Civil War, and the historian of the regiment.

Barnard — Dickinson — Tombs

On the next lot lived, as early as 1685, Joseph Barnard, the first town clerk. A memorial stone, placed by his descendant, Mr. James M. Barnard, of Boston, marks the spot in the south meadows, where he received his death wound in 1695. His gravestone is the oldest in the burying-ground. The house, with its

HOUSE BUILT BY JOSEPH STEBBINS

fine door, was built or extensively repaired by Captain Thomas Dickinson about 1752.

Williams — Billings

The white house with the pretty gambrel-roofed extension, which is probably of greater age, may have been built between 1740 and 1750. Dr. Thomas Williams, the ancestor of the later generations of Deerfield Williamses, lived here. He was the brother of Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College.

Belding — Stebbins — Sheldon

The site of the beautiful white house, with its generous gambrel roof, which is now owned by Mrs. George Sheldon, was the home of Daniel Belding.

In September, 1696, a company of French Mohawks attacked his house, which "was within gunshot of ye fort," and all but three of his family of ten were killed or captured.

About 1772 the present mansion was built by Joseph Stebbins, and here were born his thirteen children, many of whose descendants live in Deerfield.

The events of his life are recorded on the stone placed near the house.

"Home of Joseph Stebbins
born 1749, died 1816.
A lover of liberty
and a servant of his country.

Lieutenant of Minute Men
who marched on the Lexington alarm.
Captain at the battle of Bunker Hill.
Fought at Stillwater and Bemis Heights.
He led a force of volunteers
Across the Hudson
near Fort Miller and captured an outpost
in the rear of Burgoyne.

Commissioned Colonel of Militia, 1788.

His descendants honor his memory
and cherish his old home."

Pratt — Childs

The house next the hotel, now occupied by Mrs. Mary W. Childs (see Directory of Industries), was the home of Miss Martha Goulding Pratt. Here and in the adjacent building, she served as postmaster twenty-five years.

Sheldon — Hoyt — Wells

Under the great elm behind the brick meeting-

house is the stone that marks the site of the home of Ensign John Sheldon.

"SITE OF THE
OLD INDIAN HOUSE
Built by Ensign John Sheldon, 1698.
It stood for 144 years
testifying to the tragedy of
Feb. 29, 1703-4.
Its stout door which kept at bay
the French and Indians
is now safe in Memorial Hall
where its hatchet-hewn face
still tells the tale of
that fateful night."

John Sheldon bought of the town a small piece of the training field that he might build his house within the stockade. It was twenty-one by forty-two feet, with a steep roof. There were two stories, the upper projecting about two feet. A "lentoo" which ran the whole length of the north side made more space, which was truly needed, for the chimney at its base was about ten feet square.

The floor was laid under the sill, forming a ledge around the room, which made a comfortable seat for the children. The frame was mostly of oak, the walls and partitions of pine, the panels and mouldings cut from the solid wood. On the night of the attack, John Sheldon's wife was killed by a random shot through the hole hacked by the savages in the strong spiked door. One child was killed, three more with his daughter-in-law captured. To redeem them and

others, he was sent by Governor Dudley three times to Canada. By his efforts one hundred and thirteen captives from Deerfield and other places in New England were brought back[1]. In early Revolutionary days, David Hoyt was the tavern-keeper, and his house was a gathering place for the Tories, the Whigs having theirs across the Common.

In 1847, the house being uncomfortable because of its age, and perhaps because it was visited by all the people who travelled by stage through the town, its owner, Henry K. Hoyt, offered to sell it for a nominal sum, if it could be kept as a memorial of the past; but Deerfield failed to respond, and the Indian House (which Mr. Palfrey and other writers have by mistake, called the home of Rev. John Williams) was torn down.

The door, which became the property of David Starr Hoyt, was after his death bought by Dr. D. D. Slade of Boston. Five years later Dr. Slade magnanimously sold it to a group of Deerfield persons. In 1868 some trustees were appointed to receive it, and the door was held by them until the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was formed, when it became the nucleus of their collection.

Stebbins — Wells

The next estate, where the brown house now stands, has been owned by six generations of Wellses. "Thomas Wells, Cordwainer" bought it in 1724. Wells was also called "doctor" and was, so far as is known, the

[1] See "Ensign John Sheldon" in "True Stories of New England Captives carried to Canada."

THE WILLIAMS-DICKINSON HOUSE

first in the town. Benoni Stebbins tried to settle on this lot in 1677, but Indians carried him off. In her "True Stories," Miss Baker relates the early adventures of Benoni and of his wife, Mary Broughton, who was "presented to the Court for wearing silk contrary to Law."

A witness of the attack of 1704 wrote that Stebbins and a little group of men and women "stood stoutly to y'r armes . . . with more than ordinary couridge."

The memorial stone bears this inscription:

"Feb. 29, 1703-4.
The unfortified house of Benoni Stebbins
standing on this lot, was held by
'7 men, besides women and children'
for three hours
against the assault of 200 soldiers
and the wiles of 140 Indians
under a French officer of the line.
Stebbins was killed
Mary Hoyt and one man wounded.
When forced to draw off
The French had lost their lieutenant
and the Indians their chief."

Williams — Dickinson — Williams

The house of Rev. John Williams, "as big as Ensign Sheldon's, and a back room as big as may be thought convenient," was built by the town in 1686, on the lot probably chosen for the purpose by the committee who laid out the town in 1670. As the capture of the Deerfield minister was one of the objects of the raid of 1704, the Indians went to his house "in the beginning

of the onset." Two of his children and a negro servant were murdered on the door-stone. The rest of the family were guarded in their own house, but the enemy, Mr. Williams writes, "Gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself and our children," Little Stephen did not forget his silver buttons and buckles. All the Williams children were redeemed except Eunice — her mother's namesake. The Christian Indians of the little village of Caughnawaga adopted and baptized her, giving her, in addition to the name Marguérite, an Iroquois surname, signifying, "They took her and made her a member of their tribe." She married an Indian, and had one son and two daughters. It is as mother-in-law of the "Grand Chef" of the village, that the mission priest recorded on the parish registry the death of this daughter of the Puritan. "On the twenty-sixth of November, 1785, I have buried Marguérite, mother-in-law of Onasategen. She was ninety-five years old." Perhaps she looked six years older than she was. Her daughter was the grandmother of that Eleazer Williams, who claimed to be the lost Dauphin of France, his strongest claim being his remarkable resemblance to the Bourbons. After Mr. Williams's return, the town built for him another house. His grandson "Squire John," who was the last of the family in Deerfield, sold it in 1789 to Consider Dickinson. He was a "character." Everybody called him "Uncle Sid" and many stories are still told about him. He was a soldier — Continental and Revolutionary — hunter and fur-trader, but most of all a thrifty and frugal farmer. It is said that he married for the second time, at eighty, because he found it less expen-

sive to support a wife than to hire a housekeeper. As wages were not high in 1840, one may assume that neither wife was an extravagant woman! Uncle Sid died at ninety-four, leaving his property to his wife, with the understanding that it should be used for some public purpose. If one doubts the virtue of frugality let him look at Uncle Sid's shoes in Memorial Hall, — and then at the Dickinson High School! Mrs. Dickinson left the house with the rest of the estate, which was much increased by her own economies, to the town for a "Free Academy and Public Library." The house, much changed since "The Redeemed Captive" lived in it, was then moved about two hundred feet westerly, where it now stands near his old well, which is still in use.

The homestead is marked by a memorial stone:

"This lot with a house 42 by 20
was given by the settlers in 1686 to
Rev. John Williams
the first settled minister.
Family captured and house burned
by De Rouville, 1704.
Present house built in 1707 for
'The Redeemed Captive.'
Here he died, 1729
Erected by the
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association
July 31, 1901."

Amsden — Hitchcock — Stebbins

Opposite the Williams house, in 1760, was the shop of Elizabeth Amsden, weaver. Eighteen years later

Justin Hitchcock, hatter, bought the land for one hundred and fifteen bushels of wheat, and built the house now occupied by Mr. B. Z. Stebbins, Jr. (See Directory of Industries.)

Justin Hitchcock was fifer of the Minute Men, and leader of the choir, playing on a bass viol of his own make, which is now in Memorial Hall. His son Edward, geologist and President of Amherst College, was born here in 1793. The "schooling" of Edward Hitchcock was limited to the town school and six winter terms at the academy, but three colleges honored him with their degrees. His most valuable gift to the world was his investigation and description of the fossil foot-marks of the Connecticut Valley. In 1835 the town of Greenfield was laying a sidewalk in front of the Court House — now the *Gazette* and *Courier* building. The contractor asked Dr. James Deane to look at some strange markings on the flagstones. Dr. Deane called them fossil foot-marks, and sent a description and later some casts of them [1] to Professor Hitchcock, State Geologist. Soon after, Colonel Wilson pointed out to Professor Hitchcock similar markings on a Deerfield sidewalk, in front of the house now owned by the Misses Whiting. This sidewalk is of gray micaceous sandstone and came from a quarry in Gill, while the Greenfield flagstones were taken from the town of Montague. Similar markings were noted in flagging at Northampton, which had been brought from Mt. Tom.

No evidence of bird life had ever before been found

[1] These slabs, forty inches square, are now in the Cabinet of Amherst College.

in this Geologic period. After months of study of the fossils, comparing them with the tracks made by living birds, Professor Hitchcock published "An Account of the Ornithichnites or Foot-marks of Birds on the New Red Sandstone of the Valley of the Connecticut."

The Connecticut River did not exist in the Red Sandstone age; what is now its valley was an inlet of the sea, the organic remains found in its rocks being chiefly marine.[1] The birds that left their footprints must have had the habit of existing waders, frequenting the margins of lakes and estuaries, whose muddy shores were afterwards converted into rock. Some of these birds seem to have been no larger than the small waders of our time, but many must have been enormous. Mr. Stoughton, the owner of the Gill quarry, where the most remarkable specimens have been found, said that when Huxley saw tracks ten and twelve inches long, he drew a picture on the face of the rock of the animal which made them, and it was eighteen or twenty feet high. What must have been the size of the creature whose foot-tracks measure eighteen and twenty inches?

It seems a long way from a Deerfield homestead to these antediluvians, but it was a self-educated Deerfield man who made them known to the world.

Deacon Nathaniel, of the third generation of Hitchcocks, who lived here, was secretary and treasurer of the P. V. M. A. from its organization until his death, in 1900. James, his only child, died in Andersonville prison.

[1] A sea fan over 18 ft. long and 4 ft. wide was found at West Springfield.

"The Little Brown House on the Albany Road"

The house west of this, with the great lilacs crowding close around it, has been prettily named by Mr. Sheldon "The Little Brown House on the Albany Road." It has been owned by Saxtons, Hoyts, Hitchcocks, and Miss Putnam, who, with Mrs. Wynne, has transformed it into a charming studio. Its most distinguished owner was General Epaphras Hoyt, the author of "Antiquarian Researches."

Tradition says that General Hoyt and his young nephew, Edward Hitchcock, used to sit among the branches of the great elm which still shades the little house, to study together.

A journey by water from Deerfield to the Delaware Bay is so unusual that we quote from General Hoyt's journal. His manuscript begins: "A Journal of a voyage (by God's permission) on board of Capt. Sweet's Fall-Boat begun July 17th, 1790 Saturday 12 o'clock A.M. I entered on board Capt. Sweet's Boat at Cheapside . . . Wind N. E. Sailed down Deerfield River about 2 miles where it enters the Connecticut River. About 2 o'clock P.M. . . . went on shore" (at Montague). After a voyage of three days, he reached Hartford, where he "found a sloop for N. York." "Wind S. by W. Sailed down as far as the town front of Wetherfield. Capt. anchored till morning." The sloop's "cabbin is an elegant room completely painted in the neatest manner. She has every convenience that could be wanted." On the fifth day Hoyt landed at "Yankey-wharf, N. York, and undertook to visit the different parts of the Cyty travel'd all most every part of it — the Houses are built Chiefly

"The Little Brown House on the Albany Road"

with Brick." Going to Federal Hall he says: "About one third of the members (of Congress) appear to be what I call *Pretty Men* the bigest part of them sett with hats on their heads and canes in their hands."

Lawrence

Next the studio is a house built in 1858.

Lincoln — Brown

The one beyond it, the last on the Albany Road, was built in 1850 by Luther B. Lincoln, who established here a school for boys.

Bull — Williams

Coming back towards the street on the corner of the road "To Albany," is the house built by John Partridge Bull in 1760. He was a gunsmith and armorer in the regiment of Colonel Ephraim Williams. Dr. William Stoddard Williams enlarged the house in 1794, and it is owned by his descendants.

Sexton — Childs

The house at the southwest corner of the Common was built for a tavern by David Sexton in 1760. He was an ardent Whig, and his house became a meeting-place for the men of that party during the Revolution.

Recently an interesting wall decoration has been uncovered on the staircase and entries, and it is hoped that it may be restored.

Hinsdell — Russell — Whiting

The lot next south of the Whig tavern belonged to Samuel Hinsdell, by the Dedham grant. He was killed with Captain Lathrop at Bloody Brook.

Mehuman Hinsdell, the first child born in the settlement (1673), was living here in 1704. His only child was killed, and he, his wife, and little cousin Josiah Rising[1] were made prisoners.

Mehuman was redeemed, and again "captivated" according to his tombstone. This time he came back from Canada by way of France and England. The house was enlarged to its present proportions by William Russell in 1806.

Richards — Wilson — Eels

South of the stand-pipe is a house that antedates the Revolution. It is owned by the heirs of Colonel Wilson. Just before the war of 1812, Colonel Wilson and two companions who were in Canada were arrested as spies while watching a review. After three months in prison, the Court of Inquiry acquitted him on his own defense. When he came home, the militia, to do him honor, escorted him into the town. Perhaps, when a little later he marched at the head of a Connecticut Valley regiment to defend Boston, he regretted that he had only to march home again. This lot was owned by "Mr." John Richards in 1698. He was the first schoolmaster hired by the town. In 1704 his house was burned and his child Jemima carried away. She never came back.

[1] See "True Stories," p. 223.

GRAVE OF MEHUMAN HINSDELL

Brooks — Lyman — Williams — Porter

At the foot of the little slope lived Nathaniel Brooks as early as 1700. His house was burned and his whole family captured in 1704. The fate of the children is unknown. The wife was killed on the march — Brooks was redeemed. The present house, built about 1803 by Augustus Lyman, was sold by him to Ephraim Williams (lawyer), whose son, John, the late Bishop of the diocese of Connecticut, was born here August 30, 1817.

Ray — McCulloch

The house next Bishop Williams's birthplace was built in 1835 by Benjamin Ray, a wagon-maker. He built the house himself out of lumber bought by his daughters, who earned it by braiding palm-leaf hats.

Deerfield people will long remember his daughter Miss Caroline Ray, who for many years kept a little variety store in the Grange building.

Childs — Champney

The house, which stands back from the street, is the summer home of Mrs. Elizabeth Williams Champney, to whom it has come by inheritance. At its right is the studio of her husband, the late J. Wells Champney.

The house was built probably by Captain Timothy Childs, who owned the estate from 1718 to 1767.

The door was originally the entrance to the home of Alexander Hamilton on Grove Street, New York.

Wells — Manning

Next the Champney house was, in 1704, the fortified house of Captain Jonathan Wells. The stone in front of the present house, built in 1868, says:

"Here stood the palisaded house
of
Captain Jonathan Wells
to which those
escaping the fury of the savages
fled for safety, Feb. 29, 1703–4.
Jonathan was the
'Boy Hero of the Connecticut Valley'
1676 and
Commanded in the Meadow Fight,
1704.
Erected by
The Children of Deerfield,
1901.

Mr. Sheldon tells the story of his remarkable bravery and suffering at Turner's Falls.

Higginson — Childs

South of the Jonathan Wells tablet, the house of unknown age was owned for thirty or more years by Mr. Stephen Higginson and his heirs, and here Rear-Admiral Higginson spent his boyhood. It is now the home of Mr. Henry S. Childs, Deerfield's town clerk since 1884.

Hawks — Hoyt

The old house south of it was built in 1803, but the estate, including the next house, has been owned by

the Hoyt family since 1787. David Starr Hoyt, "The Kansas Martyr," was of this family. He was an engineer in the Mexican war, and was one of a small party that planted our flag on the summit of Popocatapetl. In 1856 his sympathy with anti-slavery took him to Kansas. When conveying across Missouri some guns destined for Kansas, an armed mob forced him to surrender them, but they gained little by their plunder, for Hoyt had had the wit to send an essential part of every gun by another route. The citizens of Lawrence sent him as their representative to interview some "border ruffians," United States officers assuring him of safety. He went alone and unarmed. The next day his mutilated body was found. It was said that the interview over, he was followed by two men and killed.

At an earlier time Colonel John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, lived here. In August, 1746, Colonel Ephraim Williams left Hawks, then Sergeant, in command of the fort, with a garrison of only twenty-two men, many of them sick. They were attacked by seven hundred French and Indians, and surrendered after a brave defense of twenty-eight hours, for lack of ammunition. Colonel Hawks was a soldier as long as there was war.

Farrington — Hawks — Smith — Tack

The last house which faces the street on the west side, called Farrington House, in memory of the Dedham proprietor, was built, says tradition, by Eleazer Hawks in 1712.

From 1849 to 1863 it was the home of Rev.

Preserved Smith. After thirty years of service at the church in Warwick, Mr. Smith retired here. Although in feeble health, he never gave up his habit of study, and wrote his weekly sermon, "believing that by use he should better retain his mental powers. He retained full vigor of mind to the last" — dying at Greenfield, aged ninety-two.

In 1900 the house was restored by its present owner, Mr. Abercrombie, and is occupied by Mr. A. V. Tack.

Saxton — Abercrombie

The summer home of Mr. Abercrombie, facing the South Meadows replaces a pretty old house, known as the Saxton house.

Arms

On the southeast corner of the street is the tablet which marks, with the break of a few years, a long family ownership:

"Homestead of William Arms
1698
Founder of the
Arms Family in America."

Descendants of William Arms live on the homestead.

Barnard — Jenks — Davis

The estate next north, now owned by Dr. Davis, was the home of several generations of Barnards — from 1763 to 1902. In 1744 the house was fortified.

The first Deerfield teacher whose name is known was Hannah (Barnard) Beaman. Five generations later, Miss Sarah Barnard of the same family, became a successful teacher — first in Cuba, then establishing her own boarding and day school in this house. In war time, she went as a messenger from the Unitarian churches of Greenfield and Deerfield to Port Royal, to teach the freedmen. She served in 1864, shortly before her death, on the board of the town's School Committee, probably the first woman thus distinguished in Massachusetts.

Miss Barnard's school was succeeded by a classical school for boys, taught by her brother-in-law Mr. Richard Jenks.

Mattoon — Catlin — Wells

The modern house (1885) on the lot next it, which has been in the Wells family since 1819, marks the site of the tavern kept by Major Seth Catlin. He earned his title before the Revolution. Then he was a rank Tory, and in 1781 being "Disaffected to the Independence of the United States in General" and to some things in particular, he "Seth Catlin, Gent., John Williams, Gent., and Jonathan Ashley, Esq.," were ordered to attend the General Court and to answer "such Questions as shall be put to them."

The first house built on the place was that of Philip Mattoon, who came from the east with Captain Turner.

Wells

The next house was built in 1857.

Plympton — Catlin — Brown

"Old Sergeant John Plympton" of Dedham, and "his old wife Jane," lived here in a house "eighteen feet long." Their thirteen children were all married or dead, and he must have had the courage of youth under his gray hairs to come to Pocumtuck in 1673, and greater courage to come again after Philip's war was supposed to be over. He was captured with Quentin Stockwell, carried to Canada, and burned at the stake.

In the eighteenth century, Nathan Catlin and his son John made pewter buttons and rope on the place.

Nims

Beyond the road leading to the station of the New Haven and Northampton Railway is a house built in 1842.

Wells — Thorn

The house on the corner of Academy Lane, now the home of Dr. Thorn, was built soon after 1717, by Ebenezer Wells. He left a "Good Silver Tankard to the church."

Nims — Miller

On the opposite corner the house built about 1710 is owned by the Misses Miller. (See Directory of Industries.)

This homestead belonged to the Nims family over two hundred years, until 1894. Godfrey Nims was one of Deerfield's earliest settlers. He was a turbulent

youth, and of his descendants there have been soldiers in every American war. Perhaps the most notable and most modest is his great-great-grandson, Colonel Ormand F. Nims, whose services in the Civil War were so distinguished that the original name of the battery under his command has been ignored, and its exploits are remembered as those of "Nims's Battery."

Godfrey Nims's house, just within the stockade, was burned in 1704, and three little daughters, Mehitable, Mary, and Mercy perished. Two elder children were killed by the savages and two were captured. His wife was killed on the march. The eldest son had been carried off the year before. The story of his escape with three other young men is told by one of them, Joseph Petty, in a letter now in Memorial Hall.

It was another son, Ebenezer, who, after several years of captivity, married at Lorette, Sarah Hoyt. Her captors were trying to force her to marry a Frenchman, and she, to free herself, publicly offered to accept as her husband any one of her fellow-captives. The two young people, already lovers perhaps, were married at once. In 1714, when Ebenezer, his wife and baby son were about to be sent home, the Indians went in a body from Lorette to the ship at Quebec to beg them to stay, or at least to leave the child behind.

When the baby was grown to manhood, he told Parson Ashley that he was dissatisfied with his baptism in the Romish Church, so he was baptized again and "admitted to ye fellowship of ye chh" in Deerfield. *Two* sermons were preached to show that none of the administrations of the church of Rome could be valid.

But most romantic was the life of Abigail, who was

only three years old when she made the long journey to Canada, "whence she came not back." She was carried by her Indian master to the Mission of the Sault au Recollet. There also came Josiah Rising, a little Connecticut boy, who was visiting at the house opposite Abigail's on that February day. What the nuns of the Congrégation did for Abigail, the Sulpitian priests did for Josiah. They were baptized and renamed Elizabeth and Ignace, and in 1715, when Elizabeth was fifteen, they were married. Six years later, the Mission having been transferred to the Lake of the Two Mountains, the priests gave them a large domain on which their descendants (Raizenne) still live. From this Canadian home, an evergreen tree has been brought back to Deerfield by Miss Baker and planted in front of Memorial Hall, on land which, being a part of her father's homestead, the child Abigail's feet must often have trodden.[1]

Frary House

Frary — Barnard — Baker

Samson Frary, son of John of Dedham, probably cultivated land in Deerfield in 1669 or 1670, for the "committee" who came to lay out the street found his "cellar" at the North End. He may have built the north part of his house as early as 1683. It is the oldest in Franklin County, and the only one now standing — except the ell of the Willard House — that escaped the conflagration of 1704, when Frary was killed, and his wife captured and killed on the march.

[1] See "A Day at Oka" in Miss Baker's "True Stories."

FRARY HOUSE

The house was owned by Frarys until 1752, then sold to a Barnard. Selah Barnard added the south part, perhaps in 1763, using the whole as a tavern. There have been many public meetings as well as merry dances in its beautiful ball-room.

Barnard was a Major as well as inn-keeper. There is a pretty story of his marriage. When in 1746 he was going to war and went to his neighbor's to say good-bye, a baby was lying in its cradle, and the soldier said to the mother, "Keep her until the wars are over, and I will marry her." Twenty years later Elizabeth Nims became his wife.

On the 6th of May, 1775, Benedict Arnold in a new, shining uniform, rode up to Barnard's tavern. He had been made Colonel by the Committee of Safety in Watertown, and commissioned by it to raise men in western Massachusetts to attack Ticonderoga. At Deerfield he sent for Thomas W. Dickinson, giving him a commission as Assistant Commissary and ordering fifteen thousand pounds of beef for the proposed army. Tradition says the bargain was sealed in landlord Barnard's bar-room. Arnold did not tarry to recruit men; he hurried on over Hoosac Mountain and into Vermont; but he was too late. Ethan Allen's plan was already proceeding, and the soldiers refused to serve under any other leader. To Ethan Allen and not to Benedict Arnold, the fort was surrendered on the morning of May 10th.

Dickinson with his young brother Consider followed Arnold with the cattle, which were paid for by the Committee of Safety, he receiving for his services only that glass of liquor in the Deerfield bar-room.

For a century Frary House was sold and re-sold until in 1890, Miss C. Alice Baker, a descendant of Samson Frary, bought and restored it. It is one of the most beautiful examples of the houses of the early period but is not open to the public.

Catlin — Couillard

Still farther north, on land that was originally part of Samson Frary's homestead, the square house built in 185- replaced a very old one built by John Catlin after his return from captivity. His father, "Mr." John Catlin, made his home here in 1683. At the assault in 1704 his house was destroyed. He, his wife and six children, were killed or captured, only the two youngest being redeemed. His wife, Mary (Baldwin) Catlin, while awaiting with other prisoners, in Ensign John Sheldon's house, the order to march, gave a cup of water to a young French officer who was dying. He was probably a brother of Hertel de Rouville. Perhaps it was in gratitude for this act that she was left behind when the order came to start on that terrible journey. She died of grief a few weeks later.

Stockwell — French — Orthodox Parsonage

Where stands the Orthodox Parsonage, built in 1849, was in Deerfield's earliest days (1673) the home of the brave Quentin Stockwell, and it was also Deerfield's first parsonage, for the Rev. Samuel Mather, cousin of Cotton Mather, boarded in Stockwell's fortified house. Here too, perhaps before the meeting-house was built, and certainly when Indians were

known to be near, the people came together for public worship.

After the settlement was destroyed in 1675, Stockwell was eager to rebuild his house. He was the first to return. The Indians came and destroyed almost as soon. Again he was at work, when in the twilight of a September day in 1677, he, with the three other men then in Deerfield, were captured by some Pocumtuck Indians from Canada, under the leadership of Ashpelon. They were led away into the woods on East Mountain, where they found a group of people, captured that morning in Hatfield, and then began the first long journey, made by New England captives to Canada. Among the Hatfield prisoners was Sarah Coleman. The little ragged red shoe, worn by her during her captivity, and now in Memorial Hall, tells its pathetic tale.

The story of their redemption by Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings has been often told. After many delays the two men, guided by a Mohawk Indian, reached Lake George. Then in an old canoe, patched up by the Indian, and guided only by a chart he had made on a bit of birch bark, they went alone into the wilderness in mid-winter. They found their friends near Chambly. Leaving them they sought the help of Governor Frontenac at Quebec, and effected their ransom by the payment of £200. In May, escorted by French soldiers as far as Albany, came almost as many as had been carried away. Three had been killed, but Canada Waite and Captivity Jennings had been born. From Albany, Quentin Stockwell sent a happy letter to his "Loving wife,"

being "in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another." Waite wrote:

"To my Loving Friends & Kindred at Hatfield: — These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany now with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, with my charges is very greate and heavy; and therefore any that hath any love to our condition, let it moove them to come and help us in this straight. . . . I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth greate hast. Stay not for ye Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. . . . We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you, hasten them, stay not night nor day, for ye matter requireth greate hast. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

After Stockwell's redemption, he sought a quieter home. Next Thomas French, deacon, blacksmith, and town clerk came to this homestead. His wife was the daughter of "Mr." John Catlin. Every member of their family was killed or captured in 1704. Miss Baker has followed in Canada the fortunes of those who were captured.

Freedom, aged eleven, having been placed in a family of Montreal, was baptized as Marie Françoise and married a man of St. Lambert. Martha, who was eight, was given by the Indians to the Sisters of the Congrégation at Montreal and renamed Marguérite. She, too, married, and her grandson, Joseph-Octave Plessis, became Archbishop of Canada, one of her most distinguished priests.[1]

[1] See "A Scion of the Church in Deerfield" in Miss Baker's "True Stories."

THE WILLARD HOUSE

Abigail, who was only six, was kept by the Indians at Caughnawaga and became one of them, but her grand-nephew, Bishop Plessis, on visiting the mission, could recognize her by her tall figure and European gait, although her face was hidden by her blanket, as were the faces of all the women.

Willard House

Carter — Allen — Barnard — Hildreth — Willard — Dickinson — Saxton — Yale — Wynne — Putnam

North of the parsonage, just within the Stockade, was in 1704, the home of Samuel Carter. Two former owners of the land had been killed at Bloody Brook. Carter bought the "lot with a house on it" in 1694. The "house" was undoubtedly the red gambrel-roofed extension of the fine Colonial house. Samuel Carter's wife and several children were killed, four were carried away — one only being redeemed at a cost of "£24 borrowed money." Two of his children married and lived always in Canada. Their father left £500 to John and £100 to Mercy, who was the wife of an Indian, if they would come to Connecticut and stay ten years. When he was younger, John, who was only nine when captured, had promised to return, but he preferred his new home, even with the promise of the legacy. The father, left alone, had gone to Norwalk, selling his house to Samuel Allen, the grandfather of Colonel Ethan Allen. The next owner, Samuel Barnard of Salem, bequeathed the land to his nephew Joseph, who devoted thirteen years to the selection of timber, that no knot might be in the wood work of the

fair house he built in 1768; and years of heat and frost have not shrunken the cornice, panels, or floor.

"Lawyer Sam" Barnard inherited the house, and here, one Sunday morning in December, 1792, his three eldest daughters, dressed alike in blue-gray silk gowns and pink bonnets, were married in the pretty parlor, going to meeting afterwards.

NABBY AND RACHEL AND SALLY

By H. Isabel Williams

The years they roll over our hill-tops and leas,
And fresh grow the dates on our family trees;
Soon we shall belong, all we girls of the valley,
With dear little Nabby and Rachel and Sally,
To the dim long ago.

I suspect that this age is much like the last,
As far as concerns the girls of the past,
Though the list of their studies may then have been shorter,
Like the waists of their dresses, than ours, by a quarter,
In that quaint long ago.

The girls once called Sally are Sadie to-day;
But what's in a name, I am sure you will say,
And, with neighborly pride in the three sisters sweet,
Let us think of them all as girls of "Our Street,"
For they were long ago.

You don't think of them there in the Manse at high noon,
As you pass; go again by the light of the moon,
And you will say they are yet in the town,
And in their old home, with the moon shining down
As it did long ago.

I walked by alone, but this December last,
And lo! the white pathway led into the past;
This century vanished, and I seemed a mate
Of the three dainty brides who were married in state,
On a morn long ago.

A Sunday it was, and though not at the Manse,
All had seen them at meeting; some envied their chance,
And the preacher's black clothes lacked the charm of those blue,
That gave a most heavenly look to one pew,
All those hours long ago.

Gazing down, I considered what fine things brides were,
How like angels they looked, in those cloaks trimmed with fur;
No wonder Hart Leavitt thought Rachel a prize,
And Dr. John Stone had such very fine eyes,
So I thought long ago.

. . . . . .

The Barnards sold the house after about eighty years of ownership, and Hosea Hildreth, who was preceptor of the academy, lived in it, and his son Richard, who wrote the "History of the United States" was born here.

Dr. Willard was its next occupant from 1807 until his death in 1859, except for a few years' absence, and in his memory the house is named.

Mr. Willard and his bride drove with their horse and chaise from her home in Hingham, a four days' journey. In Mrs. Yale's interesting "Story of the Willard House," we learn that Mrs. Willard wore to church the first Sunday "a fawn-colored silk spencer and white skirt, and a Leghorn hat trimmed with white." The furnishings of their home were simple, but they had

a pianoforte (Clementi) the first and, for years the only one in the town. Miss Willard writes that "On a pleasant summer evening, a line of villagers might have been seen ranged in front of the house, to hear Mrs. Willard play." The piano is now in Memorial Hall. After Dr. Willard resigned in 1829, the family moved to Hingham, returning seven years later, when his son-in-law, Luther B. Lincoln, became preceptor of the academy. Dr. Willard was an early abolitionist and when, in 1838, the slaves in the British West Indies were set free, the family sang at midnight a hymn written for the occasion by his daughter Mary. At Dr. Willard's suggestion the day was solemnized in Deerfield by a meeting in the church. Miss Willard thought this was the time when the tongue was taken from the bell to prevent its being rung, and horns were blown to disturb the service. Among the guests entertained by Dr. Willard were Dr. Channing, Dr. Henry Ware and his son Henry, Rev. John Pierpont, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, and Emerson, who spent a week under the hospitable roof.

Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson lived in the house while the Willards were in Hingham. He had been an Episcopal minister in South Carolina, where in 1826 he preached against slavery. His published works are on many subjects. There were six editions of "A Compendium of the Religious Doctrines, Religious and Moral Precepts, Historical and Descriptive Beauties of the Bible, with a separate moral selection from the Apocrypha, being A transcript of the Received Text, Intended for the use of Families but more particularly as a Reading Book for Schools." He also

printed "A New Version of the New Testament." His later years were spent in a house on Pine Hill, which he built with his own hands, and where to-day his grandson, Rodolphus Dickinson Campbell, lives and makes pretty verses.

Another occupant of the house, Jonathan A. Saxton, was an "advanced thinker" and contributor to "the Dial." His son, Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, a graduate of West Point and servant of his country, now lives in Washington. In 1885 Dr. Willard's heirs sold the house, and Mrs. Yale, who wrote its "Story," Mrs. Wynne, and Miss Putnam came to make it more beautiful than ever before.

Stebbins — Lamb

The yellow brick house, occupied by Mr. J. E. Lamb, was built in 1799 by Asa Stebbins.

Stebbins — Field — Russell — Childs

Next it, the "pink house" (which was red long ago), was built by Colonel David Field, who owned the place from 1754 to 1785. He was perhaps Deerfield's leading patriot in the Revolution. He was Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence and Safety, and delegate to the Provincial Congress (1775) and the Constitutional Convention (1779–80). His store was the gathering place for the Deerfield Whigs and the

"Liberty Pole
Planted here by the Patriots
July 29, 1774,"

as one reads on the boulder, was placed in front of it.

Because David Field gave his money freely to the cause he loved, his affairs became involved, and after the war he lost everything. Let us remember this when we read that his and his wife's "monuments are gratuitously erected by their son-in-law."

Later "European and Indian goods" were sold in the store, and perhaps the oldest inhabitant remembers "Aunt Orry" Russell, the village tailoress who lived and worked here thirty or forty years.

In still earlier times, John Stebbins, brother of Benoni, the only man who escaped unharmed from the Bloody Brook massacre, lived here. His house was destroyed and all his family captured in 1704. Three were redeemed. Four remained in Canada, where their descendants are living. Nothing was known of their fate until Miss Baker traced them on the Canadian records. Abigail, having married a Frenchman in Deerfield before 1704, may have found captivity in her husband's country agreeable, but her eldest child, when he was about ten years old, having been sent with a party of French and Indian traders to visit his grandparents, preferred New England, where he founded not only a family but a name, his own being changed, probably by clumsy tongues, from René de Noyon to Aaron Denio. He inherited his mother's portion. John Stebbins, sore at the absence of his children, wrote in his will, "Those that will not live in New England shall have five shillings apiece and no more."

Kellogg — Hawks — Everett

On the next lot, which in 1772 was owned by Zadock Hawks, who with his sons Zur and Zenas were curriers

and tanners, is a house built by Zenas in 1805. It is owned by a descendant.

A century earlier Martin Kellogg lived here. His wife alone escaped captivity in 1704. Two sons remained several years in Canada, "travelling two & fro amongst the French and Indians" trading "so as to get considerable of monies." They learned the languages of both peoples and perhaps spelled them better than their own. They were useful men as interpreters after their return, and in caring for the Mohawk children, who were being educated at Stockbridge at Sir Peter Warren's expense. A sister was also an interpreter at this school, and another, who never came back, became the wife of a chief of Caughnawaga.

Sheldon

The house owned by the heirs of Mr. William Sheldon was an old one in 1825, when it was rebuilt. Baron Komura and his friend Matsui spent the summer of 1879 in Mr. Sheldon's family. Komura had just been graduated from the Harvard Law School.

Bunker — Beaman — Bardwell — Allen

In the list of Dedham Proprietors are the names of two women; one of them, "Mrs. Bunker," drew the lot on which stands the pretty, old, gray house with the lean-to, where the Misses Allen live. (See Directory of Industries.) It has come to them by inheritance from Thomas Bardwell, who bought it in 1722 of the Widow Hannah Beaman. Her husband Simon was a garrison soldier, and she the school dame. In September, 1694, St. Castine with a band of soldiers

and Indians was creeping towards the town from East Mountain, intending to attack at the north gate, which was in front of the present brick church. A boy saw them, gave the alarm and was shot, but he saved the town. Mistress Beaman and her little flock raced for their lives and reached the fort, although many bullets were sent flying after them. In 1704, she, her husband, and a servant were captured and redeemed.

Unitarian Parsonage

The small house occupied as the parsonage was built in 1861.

Childs

The house next it in 1872.

Bardwell — Stebbins

And the old gray one, lately restored by the Misses Allen, probably in 1771, by Samuel Bardwell. It has been owned by the Stebbins family since 1799.

Hinsdell — Williams — Cowles

Colonel Ebenzer Hinsdell inherited this lot from his father Mehuman. Since then it has had many owners. About 1816 Ebenezer H. Williams remodelled the house, which was already old, putting on the parlor walls the beautiful French landscape paper which still adorns them.

Stebbins — Wright

The brick house on the corner was built in 1824 by Asa Stebbins.

INDIAN BRIDGE — THE BARS

It was at Indian Bridge, one midsummer day, that Joseph Barnard was wounded. There had been rumors of danger. Captain Wells came out of his fortified house near the foot of the street to warn the men as they rode past, sitting astride their bags of corn.

The stone at the bridge tells the story:

Joseph Barnard
Godfrey Nims, Henry White
and Philip Mattoon,
going to mill on horseback,
were here fired upon
by Indians in ambush
Aug. 21, 1695.
Barnard was mortally wounded
and died Sept. 6.
He was the first Town Clerk and
"A very useful & helpful man in ye place."

Barnard's horse was killed and Godfrey Nims took him up, and his horse being shot down, he was mounted behind Mattoon " & came of home." John Pyncheon said that his death was "A Humbling providence, he being a very useful and helpful man in ye place so much under discouragement."

INDIAN BRIDGE — THE BARS

For the dedication of this tablet, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney wrote the following:

Do you ask, — "Why this stone by the brookside,
Since with heroes your fame-roll is filled,
Why honor this plain Joseph Barnard
Who simply went out and was killed?

He was warned by the guard at the stockade
He was certainly rash or self-willed,
It was worse than a crime, 'twas a blunder,
To go out and get himself killed."

Stout Jonathan Wells had a vision,
That leader unused to affright,
"The Indians skulk by the highway:
I saw them in dreams of the night."

Brave Barnard smiled at the warning,
"In danger our meadows were tilled,
Our loved ones would surely go hungry
If their bread-winners feared to be killed.

They are worth every risk, our good women,
And our children's mouths we must fill,
So in spite of all possible danger
There is one grist will go to the mill."

The hand of the leader saluted,
The man was so cheerful and calm,
And as Barnard rode through the meadows
His heart was repeating a psalm.

"Thou leadest me by the still waters,
My home in green pastures is blest,

'Tis a man's part to dare for his dearest
And humbly trust God for the rest."

So we grave the brave name on this tablet,
For our hearts by the story are thrilled —
Of the hero who flinched not in danger,
But who loved, and who dared, and was killed.

The mill, three miles away, had been built by Joseph Parsons, of Northampton. Its great stone lies in front of Memorial Hall. It was a hundred years later that the mill, not far from Indian Bridge, in what is called "Mill Village," was built, the town then agreeing that "said mill shall be tax free so long as water runs and grass grows." It was for this mill that the canal from Stillwater was built.

One of the first duties of the settlers was to build a fence. The cattle were allowed to run at large on East Mountain, and the crops on the meadows must be protected. Beginning at Cheapside, the fence extended southward to Wapping and westward to Stillwater for seven miles, crossing the Hatfield road at the Bars. The town ordered it "To be made sufficient as against orderly cattle, so also against hoggs that be sufficiently ringed." There were gates on all the roads leading into the meadows, except on the road to Hatfield, and here was a set of bars, which has given the name to this little settlement.

On the low tableland, just south of the meadows, in the house on the right, which has sheltered five generations of Allens, lived, in 1746, Samuel Allen. His family and neighbors had left their homes that year to live in "the forts." Because the Indians had not secured

captives enough at Fort Massachusetts to satisfy them, as the story goes, "they came over the Hoosac by the Indian Path" to get some more, and seeing, one Sunday, some half-made hay in the meadow, they waited for the hay-makers to come back the next day. They came — Samuel Allen, his own boys and girls with some others, and two or three soldiers to protect them. Then the Indians pounced upon them.

The boulder that marks the place, which is reached by crossing the little bridge over the canal, is inscribed:

"In commemoration
of the Bars Fight, Aug. 25, 1746
in which
Samuel Allen
was killed near this spot
while defending his children
against the Indians."

Erected by his descendants.

A graphic if inelegant description is in the verse of "Luce Bijah" (Lucy, the wife of Abijah), a woman slave.

August, 'twas the twenty-fifth,
Seventeen hundred forty-six,
The Indians did in ambush lay,
Some very valient men to slay,
The names of whom I'll not leave out.
Samuel Allen like a hero fout,
And though he was so brave and bold,
His face no more shall we behold.

Eleazer Hawks was killed outright,
Before he had time to fight, —
Before he did the Indians see,
Was shot and killed immediately.

Oliver Amsden he was slain,
Which caused his friends much grief and pain.
Simeon Amsden they found dead
Not many rods distant from his head.

Adonijah Gillett, we do hear,
Did lose his life which was so dear,
John Sadler fled across the water,
And thus escaped the dreadful slaughter.

Eunice Allen see the Indians coming,
And hopes to save herself by running;
And had not her petticoats stopped her,
The awful creatures had not catched her,
Nor tommy hawked her on the head,
And left her on the ground for dead.
Young Samuel Allen, Oh, lack-a-day!
Was taken and carried to Canada.

Mr. Sheldon makes the interesting note that the last word on the Colony records which refers to the Indian occupation of the soil was an allowance made in 1737 to Samuel Allen for "Boarding a poor lame Indian and his mother"; and the last hostile blow struck was that dealt by Indians upon Samuel Allen.

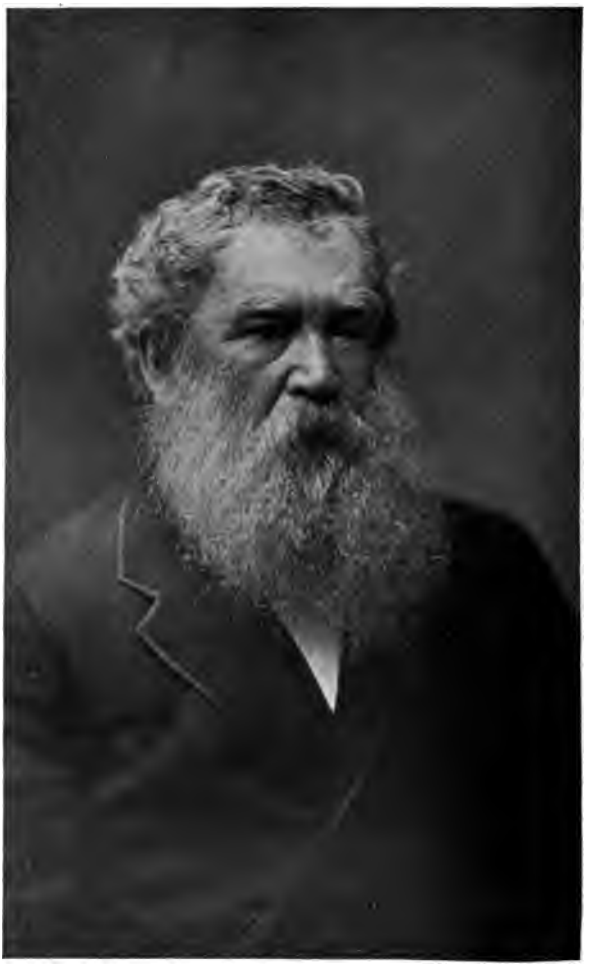
The woman and her sickly child lived in a wigwam near the Allens, who were kind to them, giving food to the consumptive boy, and keeping the squaw's best blanket, moccasins, and wampum in their garret. The

boy died, and was buried on the little slope. When war between France and England was near, the mother, dreading what might happen, took the bones of her child from the ground, and with the precious relics "in a pack upon her shoulders, she — the last of her people — turned her slow steps towards the setting sun."

"Young Samuel Allen, Oh, lack-a-day!
Was taken and carried to Canada."

Eighteen months afterwards, his uncle, Colonel (then Sergeant) Hawks, with one companion, set off on his snowshoes through the winter wilderness, to secure the redemption of the boy and other captives. Not only a ransom but a French officer was offered in exchange for the child, but Samuel had been adopted by an Indian who had lost his son, and who now kept the little white boy in hiding.

All the efforts made by the French Government were of no avail; but one day, according to family tradition, while Sergeant Hawks was at the Governor's house, a squaw's blanketed head was shyly put inside the door and quickly withdrawn. Twice and thrice this was done. Then Hawks remembered the face. It was the Indian of the Bars. He called her to him, and she whispered, "You come for Sammy Allen. Indian woman know his father. Indian woman know his mother. Indian woman bring Sammy to his white uncle." And she brought the child, who, having grown wild in his forest life, turned away from the "white uncle." To prevent a recapture on French soil, Sergeant Hawks and Sammy were guarded until their departure.



GEORGE FULLER

The Allen house was changed by George Fuller into a studio, and there he painted his great pictures. Now it is used by his son, Mr. G. Spencer Fuller. Mr. Fuller was born in the opposite house in 1822. In his early life he was a painter, but after his father's death, he took charge of the home farm — all the time quietly painting pictures — for he loved better to wield the brush than to guide the plow. In his maturity the world gave him full recognition as an artist, but alas! at the very height of his fame, in 1884, he died at Brookline, his winter home. Some of his most beautiful pictures are in private collections. The Metropolitan Museum has "And She was a Witch," "Nydia," and "Head of Boy." The Boston Art Museum has the "Arethusa" and "Head of Boy." In the Corcoran Gallery is "Evening" and at Smith College "A Study."

MEETING-HOUSES AND MINISTERS

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (UNITARIAN)
Minister — Rev. R. E Birks.
The Ladies' Society.
A Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Christian Women.

THERE was a meeting-house in Deerfield before 1675. Samuel Mather, who was probably never "settled," was its minister. After the permanent settlement, a new meeting-house was built, and in 1686 the inhabitants, to "Incourage Mr. John Williams to settle amongst them," agreed to "build him a hous: 42 foot long, 20 foot wide, with a lentoo on the back side of the house & finish s^{d} house: to fence his home lott, and within 2 yeares after this agrement, to build him a barn, and to break up his plowing land," and "ffor yearly salary to give him 60 pounds," to be paid "in wheat, peas, indian corn and pork."

It took seven years, until 1701, to complete the third, which was "Y^{e} bigness of Hatfield meeting house." Twenty-six years later, when the town voted "to make it something comfortable for a few years," it was found impossible. Then the people could not agree upon a site for the new church, and although it was voted "y^{t} ye Select Men Shall provide . . . a Suitable quantity of Drink and Cake to be Spent att ye Raising of ye Meeting house," none knew where it was to be raised. Fi-

THE FIRST CHURCH

nally, after much discussion at a town meeting, it was "Concluded to move out and stand at 3 places discorst on, for Seting ye meeting house and that ye bigest number shall have ye place, upon Tryal they Concluded on ye Middle most of ye three." This was where the Soldiers' Monument now stands.

In 1729 two Harvard students made a horseback journey to Deerfield — "the far west." One of them covered the fly-leaf of his journal with pen and ink sketches. Meeting-houses interested him; but only one was labelled. From this rough drawing of "Deerfield Meeting-house" we are better able to describe it.

The building was square, with a hip roof, from which rose a spire a hundred and twenty feet high, surmounted by a brass cock and ball. There were doors on three sides, and an outside stairway leading to the gallery. The bell-rope hung down in the broad aisle, for this church had a bell, the first in the town, except that mythical one known as "The bell of St. Regis." The picturesque story of the Indians carrying the Deerfield bell on a sledge to Lake Champlain, there burying it and afterwards carrying it to St. Regis, seems to have existed only in the mind of Eleazer Williams, the pretended son of Louis XVI. The story as told by him was printed in Hoyt's "Antiquarian Researches" (1824). At the time of the Indian raid (1704) there was no St. Regis, it having been established as an Indian mission between 1754 and 1760, and peopled by Indians from St. Louis (Caughnawaga). Another legend places the Deerfield bell in the church tower of Caughnawaga, but that story can also be traced to Hoyt's book.

"The brick church," the fifth of this parish, was built

in 1824. Like many of the New England churches, it is modelled after those built by Sir Christopher Wren. The old cockerel, which the town in 1731 voted to buy "At a price not exceeding £20," sits on the summit of the graceful wooden spire. The mahogany pulpit, high now, was higher still when the church was built, and of the square pews, only those against the walls are retained. An organ of two manuals, made by Johnson of Westfield, was placed in the church in 1890. A mahogany tablet, in which is framed a crayon portrait of Dr. Willard by Mrs. Richard Hildreth, was dedicated in Old Home Week, 1901.

SAMUEL WILLARD

1776–1859
Pioneer of the Unitarian Movement in Western Massachusetts
Minister of this church, 1807–1829
Organizer of the Franklin Evangelical Association, 1819
One of the founders of the American Unitarian Association 1825
Harvard College 1803, A.A.S — D.D.
Scholar, Author, Patriot, and although blind, a Leader for fifty years in Educational, Temperance, Peace and Anti-Slavery Reforms,
His life ever remains a challenge to future generations.
IN MEMORIAM

The ministerial library is the property of the parish, "But for the use of the officiating pastor thereof."

"ONE LARGE SILVER CANN" MADE BY PAUL REVERE

CHURCH PLATE

The church has much interesting plate. Two of the oldest pieces of its service — pewter tankards — are in Memorial Hall. Of the silver, a very old two-handled cup marked "Deerfield Church" (stamped I O) and another marked "Church, First Parish Deerfield" (stamped Cary), are from unknown donors. A two-handled cup inscribed "H. Beaman" (stamped W. P.) was the gift of the first school dame. A plain cup, "The gift of Samuel Barnard to the Church in Deerfield, 1723," is stamped I E. The five flagons are inscribed respectively: "The gift of Thos. Wells, Esquire, to the Church of Christ in Deerfield" (stamped Hood); "The gift of Mr. Ebenezer Wells to the Church of Deerfield, A.D., 1758"; "The gift of Samuel Barnard, Esquire, to the Church of Christ in Deerfield 1763" (stamped Revere); "A Donation from Mr. Elijah Arms to the Church in Deerfield, 1802" (stamped I Sorry); and "The gift of John Williams, Esquire, to the first Congregational Church in Deerfield, 1832," bears also the inscription, "Presented by the Directors of the Bank of the United States of North America and Pennsylvania, to John Williams, Esquire, of Deerfield in the State of Massachusetts, Justice of the Peace, in consideration of services rendered their institution, A.D., 1801." Two two-handled cups and a christening bowl bear the inscription, "Given to the Church in Deerfield by Mrs. Abigail Norton, 1806," and two cups inscribed "Gift of George Arms, 1819," are stamped L. Cary.

MINISTERS

SAMUEL MATHER was, as we have seen, Deerfield's first minister.

JOHN WILLIAMS, grandson of Robert, "Cordwayner" of Norwich, England, and Roxbury, New England, was "settled" in 1686, having preached here for two years. He had married Eunice Mather, daughter of Northampton's first minister. Life was hard in frontier towns, and Mr. Williams wrote of his people to Governor Dudley in 1702: "i was yet moued from certain knowledge of their pouerty & distress to abate them of my salary for several years together, tho they never asked it of me, & now their children must either suffer from want of clothing, or the country consider them (by abating their taxes) & i abate them what they are to pay me; i neuer found the people unwilling to do when they had ability; yea they haue often done aboue their ability."

In the story of his captivity, he writes more about the spiritual than the physical condition of himself and fellow-captives. Indeed it is difficult to know which was the more eager, — the Jesuit to convert, or the Puritan to reject. He writes that a priest said: "When the savages went against you, I charged them to baptize all children before they killed them; such was my desire of your eternal salvation, although you were our enemies"; and when he was ragged the "Superior of the priests" said to him, "Your obstinacy against our religion discourages us from providing better clothes." "I told him," Mr. Williams continues, "it was better going in a ragged coat than with a ragged conscience."

Mr. Williams was kept mostly at Château Richer, fifteen miles below Quebec, and was the last of his family to be redeemed, having been kept as a hostage for one "Captain Baptiste." (See "The Adventures of Baptiste," by C. Alice Baker. Pro. P.V.M.A., Vol. IV.) In 1706, the brigantine "Hope" brought him to Boston, where he spent the winter, and wrote "The Redeemed Captive." Soon after his return to Deerfield, he founded a new home with a new wife, and all his children but Eunice were again together.

Every May he went to the "General Convention of Ministers of the Province" at Boston, where "he was always very affectionately entertained." On one of these visits he bought the family Bible, which is now in Memorial Hall, — the gift of Miss Eunice Stebbins Doggett of Chicago. At the May meeting of 1728 he preached a "very moving sermon," and the next year, "went to join the communion of saints in Heaven."

Of his sons and sons-in-law, grandsons, and granddaughters' husbands, seventeen were ministers.

JONATHAN ASHLEY was twenty years old when he succeeded Mr. Williams in 1732. He was a cousin and vigorous opponent of Jonathan Edwards, who described him as "A man of lax principles in religion." Many stories are told of his loyalty, in which he was certainly not lax. It is said that in a sermon preached soon after the first bloodshed of the Revolution, he declared that the doom of those fallen would be fearful in the next world. In Greenfield, where he repeated the sermon, the indignant people prevented his preaching in the afternoon. Another story is that when he

had read the first proclamation which ended "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," he rose to his full height in the pulpit, and added, "And the King, too, I say, or we are an undone people." In 1774, the town tried to freeze him out by refusing to vote him any salary or firewood. Indeed, he was ever after unjustly treated, and at his death, the town paid his executors a large amount "as arrearage in salary, firewood and rent of town lot."

Deerfield's first three pastorates — the third being that of Rev. John Taylor — lasted one hundred and eighteen years.

SAMUEL WILLARD, D.D.

"The seer who saw, through blinded eyes,
True glories of immortal skies;
Who clearly heard, through darkened years,
The music of the heavenly spheres,
And with a faithful vision keen
Saw mysteries of the Unseen."

The pastorate of Dr. Willard marked the beginning of the "Unitarian movement in Western Massachusetts." The Council called to ordain him could not accept his "Confession of Faith," but every Congregational Church is an independent organization, and this one, not agreeing with the Council, "Voted to hire Mr. Willard to preach longer," and the Selectmen, for town and church were still in close communion, called a town meeting to determine whether the "Inhabitants" would agree with Mr. Willard on a time for his ordination and upon an ordaining Council. With the second Council, the remonstrance of those who objected

REV. SAMUEL WILLARD, D.D.

to his belief did not avail, and he became Deerfield's minister.

Of one month in his early work here, Dr. Willard wrote: "I have read one hundred and thirty-two psalms in the original Hebrew, besides writing six sermons and a number of long letters, attending to parochial duties, spending three evenings a week with a singing-school, and several others at trustees' meetings, hearing my pupils in the house, besides English reading and a due proportion of other things."

Perhaps the busy minister of to-day does not accomplish more.

After a time his sight failed, and for forty years he was partially or wholly blind. He continued to preach, committing to memory more than a hundred chapters of the Bible, and every line of his own collection of five hundred hymns. His parish was large and difficult to visit, and when in 1829 it became impossible for him to distinguish the roads as he walked, he thought it right to resign, — which was a great trial. He wrote: "Then it was a rare and solemn thing for minister and people to be separated by anything but death." For seven years the family lived in Hingham. After their return, Dr. Willard preached often in his old pulpit, and helped to ordain four of his successors: Messrs. Fessenden, Parkhurst, Blodgett, and Moors.

He was eager for improvement in church music. In 1830 he published a volume entitled "Sacred Poetry and Music Reconciled," and in his eighty-second year he prepared a "Family Psalter" for which he wrote fifty or more hymns in that year.

One of the longest pastorates since Dr. Willard's was that of Dr. Moors, 1846–1860. He was followed by Mr. James K. Hosmer. So sharp were the contrasts in men's lives at this time, that two years after receiving the right hand of fellowship in his pulpit, his people presented him with a silver-mounted pistol, he having enlisted as a private in the Fifty-second Regiment, of which his predecessor was the chaplain. The letters Mr. Hosmer wrote to his people, were afterwards published under the title of "The Color Guard."

From 1868 to 1891, Rev. Edgar Buckingham preached here. He was perhaps the most scholarly man who has ever filled the pulpit. Since 1901 Rev. Richard Elliott Birks has been the minister.

The Orthodox Congregational Church

Minister: Rev. George F. Merriam.
Ladies' Benevolent Society.
Home Missionary Society.
Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

For a century and a half the story of minister and meeting-house belongs to all the people. There was but one church; and many Deerfield people hope that the two existing to-day may be united. Although there was much difference of opinion at the time of Dr. Willard's settlement, the people of Old Deerfield did not suggest a division. In the southern part of the town, some families joined nearer parishes, — those of Sunderland and Whately, — but it was not until June 2, 1735, that a second church was organized in Old Deerfield. Their meeting-house, — locally called "The White

Church", — was built on Academy Lane three years later. A convenient addition, containing a large room and kitchen, has since been built with money furnished by the women of the church.

MINISTERS

The early pastorates were each of only a few years' length, and then came Dr. Robert Crawford, who will long be lovingly remembered here.

He was of Paisley, Scotland. The Paisley weavers used to get all the new books they could, and one would read aloud while the rest worked at their looms. In this atmosphere, the lad grew until the family emigrated to a new rough country in upper Canada. As soon as he could be spared from home, he had two opportunities; one to be clerk and liquor seller on a river steamboat, the other, a common workman in digging a canal around the Long Sault rapids. He loved to remember that he chose the latter.

Becoming acquainted with a Williams College student (the son of the owner of the mill in which he was a weaver), and being reminded by his mother that he was dedicated at birth to the ministry, he determined to follow his own and his mother's wish. After much hard work he was graduated at thirty-one.

He was the minister of this church from 1858 to 1881, and its pastor *emeritus* until his death in 1896. His last years were spent in his daughter's home in Connecticut. There, in his daily walks, he made the acquaintance of two little girls, who, not knowing his name, called him "Somebody's Grandpapa." When he died, the express, which did not usually stop at their

town, did stop to take his body to Newark, and the children ran into the house saying, "'Somebody's Grandpapa' is dead, but he was such a good man they didn't put him in the ground. The express train stopped and took him on, and took him clear to Heaven."

When Dr. Crawford gave up the active work of the parish, Dr. A. Hazen succeeded to it. He had spent his younger years as a missionary in India, and translated the Bible into one of the native languages.

SCHOOLS

THERE may have been earlier dame schools than that of Mistress Hannah (Barnard) Beaman, but she is the first teacher whose name is known, as she was the first benefactor of Deerfield's schools, bequeathing all her lands for their benefit.

In 1698 the first town schoolhouse was built, and the first teacher — probably Mr. John Richards — hired; it being voted, "That all heads of families y^{t} have Children, whether male or female, between ye ages of six and ten years, shall pay by the poll to s^{d} school whether y^{a} send such children to School or not." This vote, we may assume, made education compulsory. In 1707 the town voted to sell the schoolhouse for five pounds, and there is no record of another town school until 1720, after which time there is an annual vote similar to the following: "Y^{t} ye Selectmen shall take care to hire some fit person to learn youth to Read and cypher."

In 1761 the pay for "reading scholars" was 2½d. and for "writing scholars" 1½d. per week.

Little thought was given to matters educational during the Revolution. After it are recorded votes to "Hire a schoolmaster constantly in the town." In 1787 there was an awakening. Fifteen men formed a sort of corporation, calling themselves the "Proprietors of the New School." They built a school-

house — opposite our post-office — and hired a Yale graduate as teacher. "Here," says Mr. Sheldon, "was the germ of Deerfield Academy," which was established ten years later (1797).

The town refusing its aid, money to build and endow the academy was raised by subscription. Land was bought on the Nims lot, and bricks for the structure were made in the brick yard at the eastern end of the same lot. The academy was dedicated January 1, 1799, and that year pupils came to it from forty-one towns. Many of the pupils were younger than academy pupils of the present time. Rodolphus Dickinson was only eight, and Oliver Smith, who in manhood was the founder of the "Smith Charities," was thirteen.

Some of the courses of study are obsolete, but that a high standard was desired, is shown by the gift of a "Planetarium" and "Lunarium" and the statement that "No person was suffered to attend to painting, embroidery, or any other of the ornamental branches, to the neglect of the essential and fundamental parts of education." In 1807, when possible war was dreaded by our young country, Major Hoyt introduced the "Theoretical & practical art of war."

Strict rules were made for the conduct of the pupils. Morning prayers were at five o'clock, or as soon as it was light enough to read, with a fine of four cents for absence, and half that for being late. Every drop of tallow on a book borrowed from the library or a friend, cost six cents, as did every inch of a leaf torn. Boys and girls were not allowed to meet except at meals. If they walked together, they were fined one dollar, and if

they walked at all in street or field, or visited on Saturday night or Sunday, the fine was the same.

The school prospered, and in 1810 the building was enlarged to what we know as Memorial Hall. The elms near it were planted in 1802 or 1804.

After the bequest of Mrs. Esther Dickinson in 1876, the academy funds were transferred to the trustees of the new school; a new building was erected where the Williams-Dickinson house had stood, and the school, adding the name of its greatest benefactor, became "The Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School." In the building is a free library and reading-room. There are about thirty-five hundred books in the library (for library service see p. 113). By the kindness of Mr. Birks, small circulating libraries are sent to adjacent villages from here, and from the small collection of books of the Martha Goulding Pratt Memorial.

A condition of the Dickinson foundation is that pupils may be fitted for college. The principal of the school, Mr. Frank L. Boyden, a young man of rare foresight and discretion, is eager not only to fulfil that condition, but to fit all the boys and girls in his charge for the positions in life for which they are best suited. Courses in painting and embroidery have made way for sewing, and cooking. The "Art of war" is replaced by carpentry, a careful system of gymnastics, basket-ball, base-ball, and foot-ball, always under the supervision of the principal, who believes that "Athletic sports properly conducted, develop self-control, courtesy, and a due regard to the rights of others."

In 1902, when Mr. Boyden took the school, there were fifteen pupils. The number has increased fourfold. While the old ideal of the New England Academy is preserved, the work is on a par with other High Schools.

The school's needs are greater, while its income is less, because of unfortunate investments in the past. For the required work there must be four teachers, and the academy has been fortunate in securing men and women, who have worked together in a spirit of self-sacrifice for its interests. To give moral and financial support to their Alma Mater, an Alumni Association has been formed. The fee for members and associate members, which includes any person interested, is one dollar. The officers for 1906–07 are; Honorary President, Miss C. Alice Baker; President, Rev. Frank W. Pratt; Vice-President, Dr. Clara M. Greenough; Treasurer, Miss Minnie E. Hawks, Deerfield; Secretary, Mr. William P. Gorey, Greenfield.

On the day of the annual meeting, in June, there is a supper, with addresses, in Dickinson Hall.

The friends of the academy hope that its fund may be so increased, that the department of manual training which has been supported by individuals, may be put on a permanent basis, and thus equipped, that the school may attract the boys and girls from forty-one towns as Deerfield Academy did in its first year.

GEORGE SHELDON

THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION. — MEMORIAL HALL

THE beginning of this Association was the wish to mark the spot near the bank of Green River, where Mrs. Eunice Williams was killed, and to place a monument on the common grave in the old burying-ground, in which the victims of the massacre were buried. The idea grew until it was determined to establish a Society to erect a Memorial building. The first public appeal was followed in 1870 by the incorporation of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association; the trustees being those who had served as trustees of the Old Indian House Door, — with Mr. Sheldon as president.

The first article of the Constitution states that "The objects of this Association shall be the collecting and preserving such memorials, books, papers, and curiosities as may tend to illustrate and perpetuate the history of the early settlers of this region, and of the race which vanished before them; and the erection of a Memorial Hall, in which such collections can be securely deposited."

In 1878 the old Academy was bought, and in September, 1880, rededicated as Memorial Hall.

The Association meets yearly on the last Tuesday in February, when original papers are read, and in summer a field meeting is held, usually in a neighboring

town where some historic event is memorialized. These meetings have awakened interest in local history, and are of great value.

The curator's last annual report states that the Register bears the names of six thousand nine hundred and sixteen visitors from thirty-seven states and seven foreign countries.

The tablets are on the walls of the Memorial Room; the principal one being inscribed:

ERECTED A.D., MDCCCLXXXII.
BY THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION;

In honor of the Pioneers
of this Valley, by whose courage
and energy, faith and fortitude
the savage was expelled,
and the wilderness subdued;
and to perpetuate the remembrance
of the sufferings at Deerfield,
FEB. 29TH, 1703—4,
When, before the break of day, 340 French
and Indians, under the Sieur Hertel
de Rouville, swarming in over the
palisades on the drifted snow,
surprised and sacked the sleeping town,
and killed or captured
the greater part of its inhabitants.

On Tablets at either hand,
recorded in love and reverence by their kindred
are the names and ages of those
who lost their lives in the assault,
or were slain in the Meadows
in the heroic attempt to rescue the captives,
or who died on the hurried
retreat to Canada, victims to starvation
or the tomahawk.

Besides the Room of the Tablets, there is in the Hall an old-time Kitchen, an Indian Room, devoted to Indian relics, with an especially valuable collection of stone implements. A Library, of over sixteen thousand titles and unnumbered manuscripts, is rich in local matter. One of its alcoves is devoted to Deerfield authors. A Domestic Room contains implements for carding, spinning, and weaving. There is a Bedroom and a Military Room, a room for Needlework and one for the "Newton Collection," the gift of the late Solon Newton of Greenfield. In the large "Main Hall" are all the rest of the Museum's treasures. An illustrated guide to the hall, written by Mr. Sheldon, will soon be published, and also a new edition of the catalogue.

THE MARTHA GOULDING PRATT MEMORIAL. — THE VILLAGE ROOM

THE preamble to the Constitution tells its story:

"The friends and neighbors of Martha Goulding Pratt, the beloved and efficient postmaster of Deerfield from 1870 till her death in 1894, wishing to make visible recognition of her fidelity and devotion as a public servant, and hoping that the remembrance of her noble and unselfish life may be an inspiration to them and to those who come after, have established a Village Room, to be known as the Martha Goulding Pratt Memorial."

The trustees hold it for the people of the village and its adjuncts, and control its use for such purposes as, in the words of our Puritan ancestors, "Shall not damnify it." No rent is asked, but a fee of thirty cents is charged for fuel, lighting, and cleaning the building. There is a large room with corner seats, book shelves and a fireplace, a coat room and small kitchen.

At the dedication of the Memorial in September, 1897, Miss Pratt's intimate friends spoke of her as each knew her. The composite portrait of their associate, thus unconsciously evolved, was so typical of the best life of New England that it was determined to preserve it in a little pamphlet.

OLD BURYING-GROUND

THE OLD BURYING GROUND

A Word about the Indians

The keenest eye could discover to-day few, if any, traces of the Indians in the valley, yet before the Mohawks scattered them, the Pocumtucks ranked among the "Great Indians," that is, among the large tribes. The meadows, which were bare of trees, except on the banks of the river and little ponds, had borne their crops of corn, beans, squash, pumpkins, and tobacco before the Englishmen came. Excavations or "Indian barns," where they stored their food, have been found on Pine Hill, and in several other places in the village.

Many graves have been found, single and in groups. There seem to have been two distinct modes of burial, which may denote the existence here at different times of two tribes. They always chose pretty places in which to bury their dead — usually with these characteristics: "A promontory running out from some plain, and overlooking a stream of water, and the meadows towards which it fell off abruptly."

"Old Street Burying Ground"

The spot set apart by the settlers for their sacred ground — in the whole village there is none more beautiful — had already been chosen by the natives. Alas! their part of it was long ago destroyed for the gravel to be obtained from it.

Here in "One awful grave" were buried all those

slain on February 29, 1704. In 1901 there was placed upon the summit of a mound above the grave a stone which is inscribed on one face:

"The Dead of 1704."

And on the opposite,

"The Grave of
48 Men Women and
Children, victims
of the French and
Indian raid on
Deerfield
February 29, 1704."

Not far away under the evergreen trees, are the graves of Rev. John Williams and his wife Eunice; for as Mr. Williams wrote: "God put it into the hearts of my neighbors to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after."

The oldest stone (1695), that of the town clerk, Joseph Barnard, is near the western wall.

HERE LYES
BURED Ye BODY
OF JOSEPH
BERNARD AGED
45 YEARS DECr
SEPTEMBER Ye
6TH 1695

Under an apple tree is the grave of Mehuman Hinsdell.

All the epitaphs in this burying-ground have been carefully copied, and if they are not printed, they will sooner

GRAVES OF REV. JOHN WILLIAMS AND HIS WIFE

or later be deposited in the library of the Historical and Genealogical Society, Boston, which society urges the people of old New England towns to see to it, that the inscriptions in all their ancient burial places are correctly copied and carefully preserved.

The inscriptions on the most distinguished stones have been effaced, because, being "tables," the boys have found them convenient to use in cracking the nuts of the nearby trees.

How much more can be read on the gravestones of a period than is written there.

Was it the crushing name that made so many little girls named "Submit" die young?

One who in 1746

"Fell by the Indian Savage
Valliantly Defending his
Own Life & Childrens in
ye 45th Year of his Age."

leaves this warning:

"Liſten to me ye Mortal men Beware
That you engage no more in Direfull
War, By means of War my Soul from
Earth is fled, My Body Logd in
Mansions of the Dead."

Some of the inscriptions, from their uncouth arrangement, almost provoke a smile, as this in 1762:

"Hope humbly, then
with trembling Pinions
Soar; Wait ye Great tea;
cher Death & God."

What would not one give to deserve the following tribute paid to a noted citizen in 1784:

"To be pious without ſuperſtition,
faithful to our truſt, pleaſant
in our circle & friendly to the poor
if to imitate his example."

In 1785:

"Here is reposited
the Remains of
Mrs Rebekah Consort
of Doctr Edward
—— who died
of the small Pox
. . . . .
Aetat 24

with these simple and forcible lines:

"He mourns the dead
Who lives as they desire."

Here is one who in 1786

"quitted Mortality
in the 38th year of her Age."

Under 1793 we find a stone erected "As a tribute of gratitude to the memory of an indulgent stepmother." Truly *rara avis!*

And *noblesse oblige*, here is another "gratuitously erected by his son-in-law" to his wife's father, who died poor, having spent his life and fortune in the service of his town and state.

Here we have one of 1795, with a light tripping air,

whose subject must have made sunshine in a shady place, for his friends:

"Tender were his Feelings,
The Christian was his Friend
Honest were his Dealings
And happy was his End."

The following, in 1797, seems to be a protest against a spirit of scepticism of the period:

"Let the Witling argue all
He can,
It is Religeon still that
makes the Man."

The last, dated 1804, is somewhat of an enigma—it may mean a sudden death.

"Your eyes are upon me, and I am not."

DEERFIELD INDUSTRIES

In earliest days, every farmer and farmer's wife were more or less skilled in domestic arts, but as the town grew, the town's needs grew, and we soon find almost every branch of such handicraft as was needed, existing in the old town Street. There were shoemakers, tailors, and hatters (but not then dressmakers and milliners!). There was the "Maker of wiggs and foretops," which must have been a lucrative calling, for one item in an old account book is "To a wig for your Lady, £9." (Old tenor, to be sure.) There were weavers, when the weaving of a yard of linsey-woolsey cost one shilling and two pence, and "Stript cloth" two pence more. There were wagon and chaise makers, and a colonel of militia made ploughs and cultivators of his own design. Bricks were made. Graves was the coffin-maker, and when he moved, Death, the wheelwright, occupied his house. On one place there was at the same time a rope walk and the industry of making pewter buttons; and on a homestead across the street was not only a tavern and store, but a tailor's shop, and the shop-keeper's son was following his trade of watch-making. Next came a saddler, who made also the pretty embroidered crewel and silk pocket-books, with patterns like the old Florentine, and he was followed by a book-binder and a jeweller. Later, boots and shoes were made, and after all these

HOUSE AND STUDIO (ELIZABETH W. AND J. WELLS CHAMPNEY)

crafts on the same homestead, there followed the making of pictures, and writing of books by Mr. and Mrs. Champney. Deerfield had its weekly newspaper, and books were printed as well as bound.

The farmers raised cattle, and in later days came the industry of broom-making, when the meadows were planted with the beautiful broom corn, and nearly every house had its own shop where brooms were made in the winter days. Now tobacco is the chief crop, but it was cultivated long ago, for "Sarah Belding hid herself among some tobacco in ye chamber and escap^{d}" when the Indians attacked her father's house in 1696.

There have been two distinct movements in Deerfield's industries. The first was about 1760, when it was indeed a busy place. More workers were needed and more houses for them. The land on the south side of the road "To Albany" had been set aside forever for the use of the ministry, but in 1759 the town petitioned the General Court for leave to sell the property to "tradesmen," as artisans were then called; for "The soil of s^{d} lot is poor and Baren & for want of manure" — it had always been leased land — "is rendered of but little proffit to the minister." Mr. Ashley consented, on condition that he had the profits of the sale during his ministry. This land between the street and burying-ground was divided into nine parcels, and sold immediately. Mr. Sheldon, in his charming description of the "Little Brown House on the Albany Road" says: "Should the traveller from the Hudson, coming over the Hoosac Mountain to the Connecticut Valley, be waylaid by prowling Indians, and stripped of all his effects, he could be refitted and refreshed within

the borders of the old ministerial lot. Had his horse been spared, it could be fed, shod, furnished with a new saddle and portmanteau; or had fortune been more cruel, had the horse been taken, the traveller could be provided with a new one from the choice stud of breeder Saxton. He could buy a hat, shoes, cloth for a coat, and a watch for his fob. He could procure a sword, musket, or a pair of pistols, and, after a mug of hot flip and a bountiful dinner with Landlord Saxton, the despoiled stranger could go on his way rejoicing."

Today's Industries

The second movement is recent. A market was ready, because visitors have always been attracted by the natural beauty and historic interest of Deerfield, and her industries have profited also by the general interest in Arts and Crafts.

The first exhibit and sale of Deerfield work was held in the Village Room in September, 1899. The object was twofold: to make the work better known, and by the door-money to increase the maintenance fund of the Village Room. Its success led to annual exhibitions, which are held for one week in late July. For three years there was no general organization; then, although each group of workers continued to control its own affairs, the "Deerfield Society of Arts and Crafts" was formed, and the entrance fees of the exhibitions were turned into its treasury. In 1906 the name was changed to the "Society of Deerfield Industries." An old barn has been adapted for exhibition purposes, and some special exhibit is held there, while the several industries are shown in their own rooms, and in the

Village Room. The work of several local painters is also exhibited.

Rug-Makers

Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, several years ago, had the pretty notion of having rugs with carefully chosen colors, woven on a hand-loom, as the farmhouse rag carpets had been woven. This was the birth of the rug industry. Many workers have followed Mrs. Williams's lead. The rugs are generally made of cotton. They are of light weight and especially suitable for country houses. In the choicer ones, warp and filling are colored with natural dyes, and simple designs are sometimes woven in.

Mrs. Jane E. Hawks is secretary of the society.

Society of Blue and White Needlework

Mrs. Mary Miller copied some old embroideries in blue and white linen that are in Memorial Hall, and from this beginning, in the skilful hands of Miss Margaret C. Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller, grew the Society of Needlework, which, formed in 1896, was the first organized industry in the village. "Its object is the revival of the household embroideries that were brought by the early colonists, and kept true to the English tradition of designs until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The society dyes its own materials after the old processes in indigo, madder, and fustic; each piece it produces bears the mark of the society — a flax-wheel holding the letter D in the centre."

Miss Margaret Miller, Sec.

Deerfield Basket-makers

The Deerfield women of fifty years ago, as well as those of other inland Massachusetts towns, used to braid palm-leaf hats. In Petersham the hat-makers had become basket-makers. Why not here? A "braiding bee" was called at Frary House in the fall of 1899, and while the fingers of the old braiders were flying, Mrs. Henry Barber, of Meadville, who was visiting her old home, taught the novices. Now the industry is one of the most successful. A great variety of palm-leaf baskets is made which are serviceable and inexpensive. Old and new models are used in reed — white and colored — for waste-paper, lunch, flower, and work baskets. Some of the best work is done with long-leaved pine needles, while the native willows furnish withes of pretty reddish and yellowish browns, for stout wood and carrying baskets. More workers are needed, especially for the stouter baskets, the making of which would furnish good occupation for a man in the winter evenings.

Mrs. Eleanor B. Stebbins, Sec.

The Pocumtuck Basket-Makers

work with raffia, grasses and corn husks. Their raffia is dyed with natural colors (of a great many shades), giving a beautiful coloring to the baskets, which are well designed. "Among the designs which belong especially to Deerfield are large baskets of simple shapes, with landscapes in broad, sketchy effects wrought in." The grays and greens of grasses are combined with raffia and corn husks in tray-shaped baskets.

Mrs. Gertrude P. Ashley, Sec.

Netting and Tufted Work

Netted fringes, copied from old patterns, bearing such quaint names as "Moonshine Stitch" and "Matrimony Stitch," are made in linen and cotton; wide and tasselled for a bed-tester, or more delicate to edge a curtain. Bedspreads of material especially woven, like the old-time dimities, are outlined with tufted or knotted work in white cotton, copying old designs. These are also used for table and bureau covers.

This work is done by Mrs. L. Emma Henry.

Woven Fabrics

There are several hand-looms in the village, on which rag rugs and other articles are woven. Mrs. Luanna Thorn weaves plain fabrics for bedspreads, curtains, and table covers. She also uses colored patterns in natural dyes.

Mrs. Jane E. Hawks weaves linen fabrics for table covers, bureau covers, and other small pieces.

Fabrics, raffia, and linen flosses are dyed by Mrs. Adella Andrews, who will take special orders.

Metal Work

Among the most beautiful of the annual exhibits is the work in silver and copper of two ladies who are a part of the summer colony, Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne and Miss Putnam. Their work consists of bowls, spoons, necklaces, buckles, rings, and brooches, enameled and set with semi-precious stones. Their work may be seen by the summer tourist, only at this exhibition. Mrs. Wynne's winter address is 9 Ritchie Place,

Chicago, Illinois, and Miss Putnam's, is 63 Marlboro Street, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHY

It seems scarcely appropriate to include the charming photographs of the Misses Allen among the Industries, as their pictures represent so much more than mere manual skill, but since they choose to be so classified, we can only emphasize their work as unusual. Their landscapes of the village and surrounding country, their *genre* pictures of rural life, and their illustrations and portraits, are widely known.

DIRECTORY OF DEERFIELD INDUSTRIES

Hours 9–12 A.M., 1–5 P.M.

Secretary — MISS FLORENCE E. BIRKS.

Blue and White Needlework, Woven Fabrics, — At the Sign of the Wheel, Cor. of Academy Lane.

Deerfield Basket-Makers — Mrs. Stebbins, on the Albany Road.

Rugs,
Pocumtuck Basket-Makers,
Dyed Raffia,
Dyed Linen Flosses,
Dyed Fabrics,
Woven Fabrics,
Bayberry Candles, — Mrs. Childs, next to the Post Office.

Photographs — The Misses Allen. Old gray house, with lean-to. (Card on the door.)

Woven fabrics of linen — Mrs. J. E. Hawks, at the Sheldon Homestead.

Netted Fringes, old-fashioned bed-spreads, etc. — Mrs. Henry, at the North End (west side).

TREES OF THE STREET — WILD FLOWERS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD — BIRDS

NEVER is Deerfield Street more beautiful than when the turf that borders its foot-paths, — its Common, and many of its door-yards are purple with violets, brightened here and there by a gay dandelion, and the arching trees above it are in their exquisite early green; unless it is in October, when the elms and maples are a glorious yellow, and the earth beneath, a carpet of gold: or perhaps, when their naked branches are covered with midwinter snows.

In every season, it is the trees that make the Street beautiful. Many of them are very old; and they have not been properly cared for. An expert bids us, if we wish to walk in safety under their branches, and to keep them as long as possible, not to neglect them. Is there not some Village Carnegie who will pay the thousand dollars needed for their preservation?

The two oldest trees are those near the site of the Indian House, and in front of the studio on the Albany Road. The Indian House tree is more than two hundred years old and perhaps a hundred feet high, with a circumference, a foot above the ground, of twenty-three and a half feet. In the angle of one of the branches, a currant bush has been growing many years. Many of the elms are from a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred years old, and from eighty-

ELM IN THE SOUTH MEADOWS

five to ninety-five feet high. The largest measured trunk was that beside the Willard House, which had a girth of twenty-seven feet. Another giant was that near the Champney House. Its noonday shadow stretched across a hundred and twenty feet of the turf, and after its fall, it became forty cords of wood. Alas! that it had to be thus measured. The house was afterwards moved back that it might hold the same relation to a younger elm. Most of the maples were planted in 1809 at Dr. Willard's suggestion, and this is also the date of those elms on the Common that mark the line of the street. The beautiful horse-chestnut in front of the Wilson house was planted in 1814, being brought from Boston by a newly married pair returning from their wedding journey.

An interesting tree is just south of Mr. Cowles's house, the wings or buttresses of its trunk being remarkably large.

The elm which is shown in the illustration is in the South Meadows, and is locally known as "The fish-fry tree," because the men at work in the meadows sometimes caught their dinner in the river near by, and fried it in the shade of the big tree. It is on what is called, but no longer is, "The Island," because of a change in the course of the river. For more than a hundred years hay has been cut here by the same family without using any fertilizer, the deposit left by the river's overflow being sufficient.

This yearly deposit, piling up around the trunk, has had the effect of dwarfing its height.

In the Junes of a few years ago, before fire destroyed much of the mountain growth, and man destroyed

more that railway ties might be made and other fires built to burn brick withal, the slopes were pink with laurel and azalea. Now, although the procession of flowers is long and crowded, one must go farther from home to find them.

One of Deerfield's flower lovers has prepared the following list. The dates of flowering, of course, are approximate. Neither it, nor the bird list which follows, aims at completeness; both being taken from the note-books of amateurs.

The earliest flower given is
Feb. 27, 1898 — Skunk Cabbage

"Thrice welcome, earliest flower of spring!
Thy praise, but not thy name, I sing.
Ungrateful men have christened thee
With names unkind, unsavory.

Because, when they, with wanton tread,
Their crushing heel set on thy head,
Thou dost resent so foul a wrong,
They give thee names unfit for song.

THOMAS HILL.

MARCH AND APRIL

Pussy Willow	Long-leaved Chickweed
Alder	Marsh Marigold
Dandelion	Wood Anemone
Houstonia	Rue Anemone
Hepatica (three-lobed)	Shepherd's-purse
Hepatica (acute-lobed)	Plantain-leaved Everlasting
Coltsfoot	Charlock
Arbutus	Small White Cress
Bloodroot	Dentaria
Saxifrage	Winter Cress
Shadbush	Yellow Adder's Tongue

Chickweed
Field Chickweed
Sweet White Violet
Wood Betony

April and May

Round-leaved Yellow Violet
Downy Yellow Violet
Dog Violet
Dutchman's-breeches
Mitella
Tiarella
Trientalis
Medeola
Dwarf Ginseng
Pale Corydalis
Dwarf Dandelion
Columbine
Common Blue Violet
Common Blue Violet (var. Cucullata)
Arrow-leaved Violet
Bird-foot Violet
Fringed Polygala
Fringed Polygala (var. snow white)
Wild Geranium
Horseradish
Marsh Crowfoot
Bristly Crowfoot
Wild Black Currant
Early Hawkweed
Tawny Hawkweed
Early Meadow-Rue

May and June

Moneywort
Wild Calla
Choke Cherry
Wild Red Cherry
Wild Black Cherry
Brunella
Harebell
Dwarf Cornel
Wild Sensitive Plant (or Cassia Marylandica)
Two-leaved Solomon's Seal
Solomon Zigzag
Great Solomon's Seal
False Hellebore
Partridge Berry
Linnæa (very rare)
Chokeberry
Goldthread
Lupine
Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Green Dragon
Flowering Dogwood
Round-leaved Cornel
Pink Lady's Slipper
Yellow Lady's Slipper
Common Cinquefoil
Silvery Cinquefoil
Shrubby Cinquefoil

Tall Cinquefoil
Norwegian Cinquefoil
Mayweed
Barberry
Spice-bush
Red Baneberry
White Baneberry
Blue Cohosh
Wild Sarsaparilla
Golden Ragwort
Pyrola
One-flowered Pyrola
Purple Trillium
Nodding Trillium
Painted Trillium
Bellwort
Oakes's Bellwort
Blue-eyed Grass
Yellow Star Grass
Bellflower
Wild Rose
Sweet Briar
Elder
Red-berried Elder
Mountain Laurel
Sheep Laurel
Forget-me-not
Water Pennywort
Gill-over-the-Ground
Clethra
Carrion Flower
Buttercup (tall)
Buttercup (small-flowered)
Buttercup (bulbous)
Buttercup (septentrionalis)
Wild Strawberry
Blueberry
Deerberry
High Blueberry
Huckleberry
Dewberry
High-bush Blackberry
Running Blackebrry
Flowering Raspberry
Smooth-leaved Honeysuckle
Bush Honeysuckle
Fly Honeysuckle
Pink Azalea
Bastard Toad Flax
Hobble Bush
Dockmackie
High Cranberry
Crimson Clover
White Clover
Yellow Hop Clover
Stone Clover
Alsatian Clover
Alfalfa Clover
Running Buffalo Clover
Dogbane
Sweet-flag
Sweet-fern
Blue Flag
Sweet Cicely
Common Purslane
Clintonia
Horse Gentian
Northern Fox Grape
Frost Grape
Smilacina Stellata

TREES OF THE STREET, ETC

JUNE AND JULY

Wintergreen
Spotted Wintergreen
Prince's Pine
Long-leaved Stitchwort
Showy Orchis
Early Purple-fringed Orchis
Small Purple-fringed Orchis
Fringed Green Orchis
Habenaria Hookeri
Habenaria Orbiculata
Pogonia
Calopogon
Arethusa
Pitcher Plant
Wild Red Raspberry
Thimble-berry
Bittersweet
Honewort
Ladies' Tresses
Rattlesnake Plantain
Black Snakeroot
Bouncing Bet
Yarrow
Rattlesnake Weed
Knotweed
Sundew
Cleavers
Pickerel Weed
Arrow Head
Button Bush
Black Alder
White Alder
Tall Anemone
Ox-eye Daisy
Robin's Plantain
Daisy Fleabane
Common Fleabane
White Geum
Purple Geum
Cow Wheat
Hardhack
Meadow-sweet
Butter and Eggs
Sleepy Catchfly
Blue Vervain
White Vervain
Meadow Parsnip

JULY AND AUGUST

Tansy
Wild Indigo
Celandine
Common Yellow Rattle
Meadow-Rue
Monkey Flower
Purslane Speedwell
Swamp Milkweed
Purple Milkweed
Four-leaved Milkweed
Butterfly Weed
One-flowered Cancer-root
Horsemint
Aaron's Rod

Common Speedwell
Thyme-leaved Speedwell
Indian Tobacco
Common Sorrel
Wood Sorrel
Ladies' Sorrel
Mallow (cheeses)
Loosestrife
Spiked Loosestrife
Purple Loosestrife
Cardinal Flower
Indian Pipe
False Beech Drops
Lapseed
Elecampane
Spikenard
False Spikenard
Spiked Lobelia
Sundrops
Evening Primrose
Evening Primrose (var. Cruciata)
Turtle Head
Common Milkweed
Viper's Bugloss
Canadian Burnet
Downy Gerardia
Yellow Gerardia
Purple Gerardia
Oak-leaved Gerardia
Joe-Pye-Weed
Wild Peanut
White Lettuce
Virginia Creeper
Common Thistle
Canada Thistle
Pasture Thistle
New Jersey Tea
Garget
Burdock
Tall Dandelion
Night-flowering Campion
Mullein
Milkwort
Great Willow Herb
Small Willow Herb
Wild Sunflower
Vetch

JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

Burr Cucumber
Dodder
Tick Trefoil
Black Mustard
Wild Carrot
Field Parsnip
Cow Parsnip
Bee Balm
Wild Bean
Hedge Bindweed
Nightshade
Catnip
Mountain Mint
Spearmint
Peppermint
Motherwort

TREES OF THE STREET, ETC

Wild Bergamot (several varieties)
Brunella
Cudweed
Eupatorium (white snake-root)
Clematis
Rudbeckia
Highland or Wood Lily
Lowland or Meadow Lily
Goldenrod (6 or 8 varieties)
Fringed Gentian
Closed Gentian
Thoroughwort
Pennyroyal
Skullcap
Life Everlasting
White-topped Aster (Seriocarpus)
Steironema ciliatum
Jewel-weed
Pale Jewel-weed
White Pond-lily
Yellow Pond-lily
Aster (many varieties)

October and November

Witch Hazel

BIRDS NESTING IN OR NEAR THE VILLAGE

American Goldfinch
Baltimore Oriole
Belted Kingfisher
Blackbirds — crow
cow
Red-winged
Bluebird
Bluejay
Bobolink
Catbird
Crow
Carolina Dove
Purple Finch
Phebe
Least Flycatcher
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Humming-bird
Spotted Sandpiper
Scarlet Tanager
Sparrows — chipping
field
song
English
Swallows — chimney
barn
cliff or eave
bank
white-bellied
Thrushes — brown or thrasher
song or wood
Wilson's
Vireo — red-eyed
white-eyed
Warblers — chestnut-sided

Indigo Bird
Kingbird
Meadow Lark
White-breasted Nuthatch
Oven bird
Screech Owl
Partridge
Redstart
Robin
Warblers — yellow
Maryland yellow-throat
House Wren
Woodpeckers — golden wing
downy
hairy
Whippoorwill

SOME BOOKS ABOUT DEERFIELD

MANY OF WHICH HAVE BEEN USED IN WRITING THIS BOOK

"THE REDEEMED CAPTIVE RETURNING TO ZION: OR, A FAITHFUL HISTORY OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE CAPTIVITY AND DELIVERANCE OF MR. JOHN WILLIAMS." First edition, 1706–7.

"NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF STEPHEN WILLIAMS." From his journal. A reprint of the above, with other papers written by Stephen Williams, was published by the P.V.M.A., 1889.

"CONFERENCE HELD AT DEERFIELD, AUGUST, 1735, BETWEEN GOVERNOR BELCHER AND THE CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS." Boston, 1735.

"A CENTURY SERMON, FEB. 29, 1804." Rev. John Taylor. Greenfield, 1804.

In the Deerfield alcove of Memorial Hall are forty entries under Dr. Willard's name. Among them are:

"RESULTS OF TWO ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCILS — HIS CONFESSION OF FAITH, ETC." Greenfield, 1813.

"DEERFIELD COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC."

"SIMPLE HYMNS FOR CHILDREN."

"PRIMERS."

"IMPROVED" AND "POPULAR" READERS.

Probably these are all compiled because of his interest in Deerfield children. 1827–1834.

"A DESCRIPTION OF DEERFIELD." Rodolphus Dickinson. Deerfield, 1817.

"ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES." Epaphras Hoyt, 1824.

"BRIEF SKETCH OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF DEERFIELD." Elihu Hoyt, Deerfield, 1833.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT DEERFIELD

"Address Delivered at Bloody Brook, Sept. 20, 1835." Edward Everett. Boston, 1835.

"A Biographical Memoir of the Rev. John Williams, with a Slight Sketch of Deerfield & Indian Wars, etc., with Stephen Williams's Journal." Greenfield, 1837.

"Papers Concerning the Attack on Hatfield and Deerfield by a Party of Indians from Canada, Sept. 19, 1677." Franklin Benjamin Hough, editor. New York, 1859.

"The Color Guard." James K. Hosmer, 1864.

"History of the Fifty-second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers." John F. Moors, D.D.

"George Fuller — His Life and Works." Boston, 1864.

"The Story of the Willard House." Catherine B. Yale. Boston, 1887.

"A Life of Samuel Willard, D.D., A.A.S." Edited by his daughter (Mary Willard). Boston, 1892.

"A History of Deerfield." 2 vols. George Sheldon. Deerfield, 1895.

"History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association." Vols. I–IV. (1870–1904.) Deerfield.

"True Stories of New England Captives Carried to Canada During the Old French and Indian Wars." C. Alice Baker. Cambridge, 1897.

"An Unredeemed Captive" (Eunice Williams). Clifton Johnson. Holyoke, 1897.

"Concretions from the Champlain Clays of the Connecticut Valley." J. M. Arms Sheldon. Boston, 1900.

"Newly Exposed Geologic Features within the Old '8000-Acre Grant.'" George Sheldon and J. M. Arms Sheldon. New York, 1903.

Among the papers which have to do with Deerfield's history, written by Mr. Sheldon, are the following, mostly reprints from magazines:

"The Traditionary Story of the Attack on Hadley and

THE ALLEGED APPEARANCE OF GEN. GOFFE, THE REGICIDE." 1874.

"WHALLEY AND GOFFE IN NEW ENGLAND." Introduction to Hunting's new edition of Judd's "History of Hadley." 1905.

"FORTY YEARS OF FRONTIER LIFE IN THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY." 1886.

"NEGRO SLAVERY IN OLD DEERFIELD." 1893.

"THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE ALBANY ROAD." 1898.

"'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE, OR THE PASSING OF THE STALL-FED OX AND THE FARM BOY." 1898

"NEW TRACKS IN AN OLD TRAIL." 1899.

"FLINTLOCK OR MATCHLOCK IN KING PHILIP'S WAR." 1899.

"THE JOURNAL OF CAPT. NATHANIEL DWIGHT AND ITS LEADINGS." 1903.

"HEREDITY AND EARLY ENVIRONMENT OF JOHN WILLIAMS, THE REDEEMED CAPTIVE." Boston, 1905.

"THE CONFERENCE AT DEERFIELD, AUG. 27–31, 1735, BETWEEN GOVERNOR BELCHER AND SEVERAL TRIBES OF WESTERN INDIANS." Boston, 1906.

FICTION

"ROMANCES UNDER NEW ENGLAND ROOF-TREES." Mary Crawford.

"SILENCE" in "SILENCE AND OTHER STORIES." Mary E. Wilkins.

"THE BEAU'S COMEDY." (Scene laid near Deerfield). Beulah M. Dix and Carrie M. Harper.

JUVENILE

"GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS IN NEW FRANCE." (Founded on the Eunice Williams story). Elizabeth W. Champney.

THE "BOY CAPTIVE" SERIES. Mary P. Wells Smith.

"THE BOY CAPTIVE OF OLD DEERFIELD."

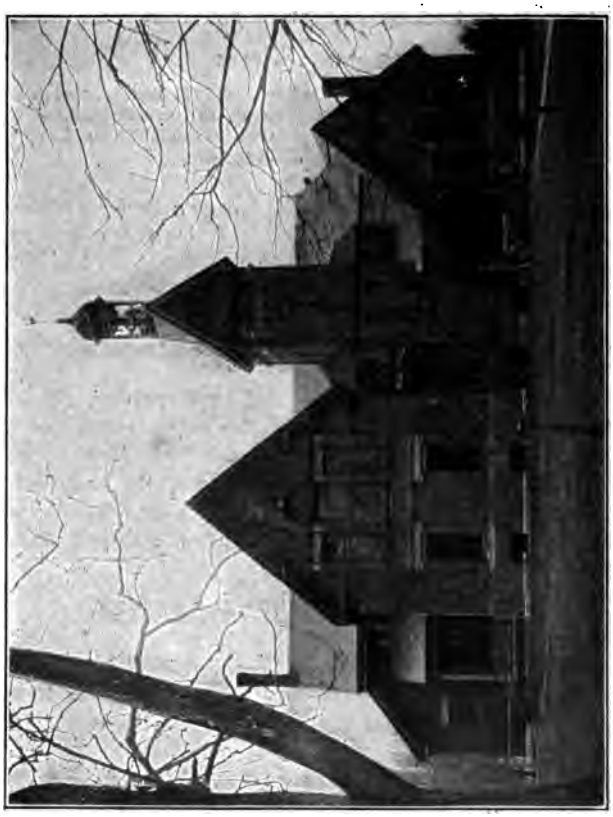
SOME BOOKS ABOUT DEERFIELD

"THE BOY CAPTIVE OF CANADA." (Founded on the Stephen Williams story.)

"BOYS OF THE BORDER." (In press.) (French and Indian Wars of 1746–1755).

Chapters relating to Deerfield are in other stories written by Mrs. Smith.

Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School



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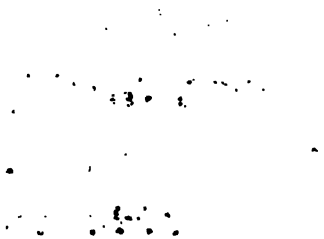

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